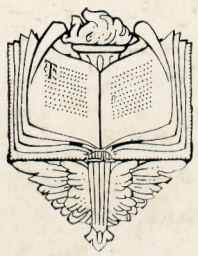
...THE...

SALMAGUNDI

1923



PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE
SANFORD HIGH SCHOOL

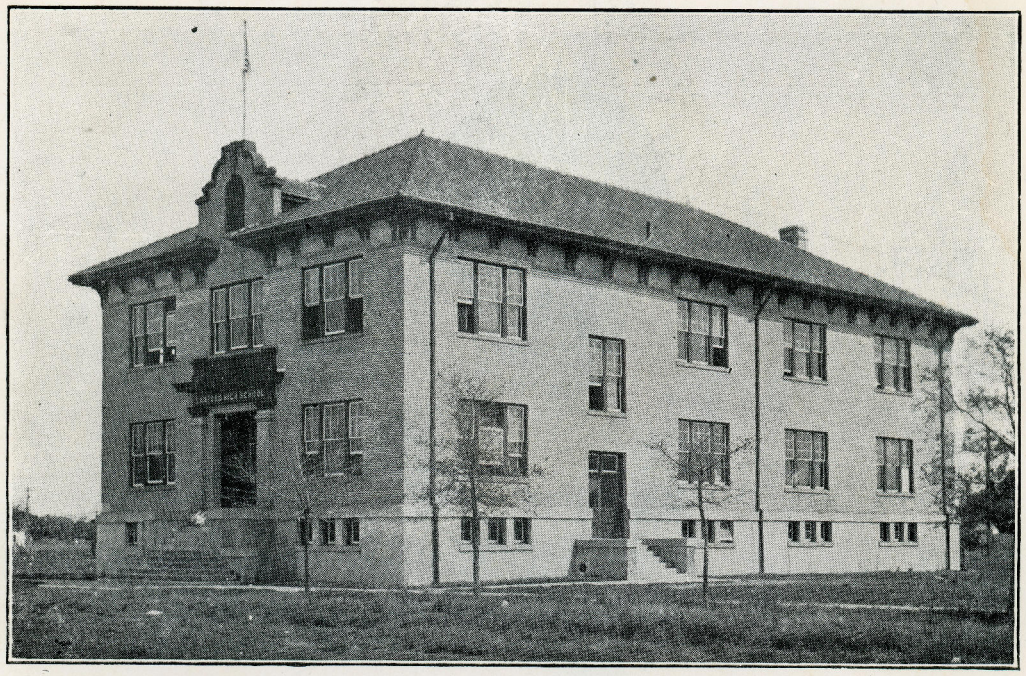
FOREWORD

The Senior Class of 1923 takes great pleasure in being able to publish this volume of the Salmagundi, and adding the fifteenth link to this long chain which we sincerely hope will never be broken. Each year to come may one link more be added, that in this way there may be kept a complete record of Sanford High School life. We feel that this volume will always be a most pleasant reminder of the happy days spent in S. H. S. So if in after years those of you who chance to look into this book, find that its pages bring back fond memories of this happy school year of 1922-1923, we of this year's Salmagundi Staff shall feel that we have succeeded in publishing this annual.

—RODMAN LEHMANN, '23.

MISS IDA M. GRAY

TO "OUR COUNSELOR", who has so wisely guided us, in appreciation of her unfailing interest, and the countless number of things she has done to help us, and because of our love for her, we, the Class of '23, affectionately dedicate this annual.



In youth, cultivate tolerance, honesty, sympathy, kindness, and justice. The foundation for all these is unselfishness.

School work helps in the attainment of these, IF there is a strong enough scorn for everything that isn't square.

—A. M. M.

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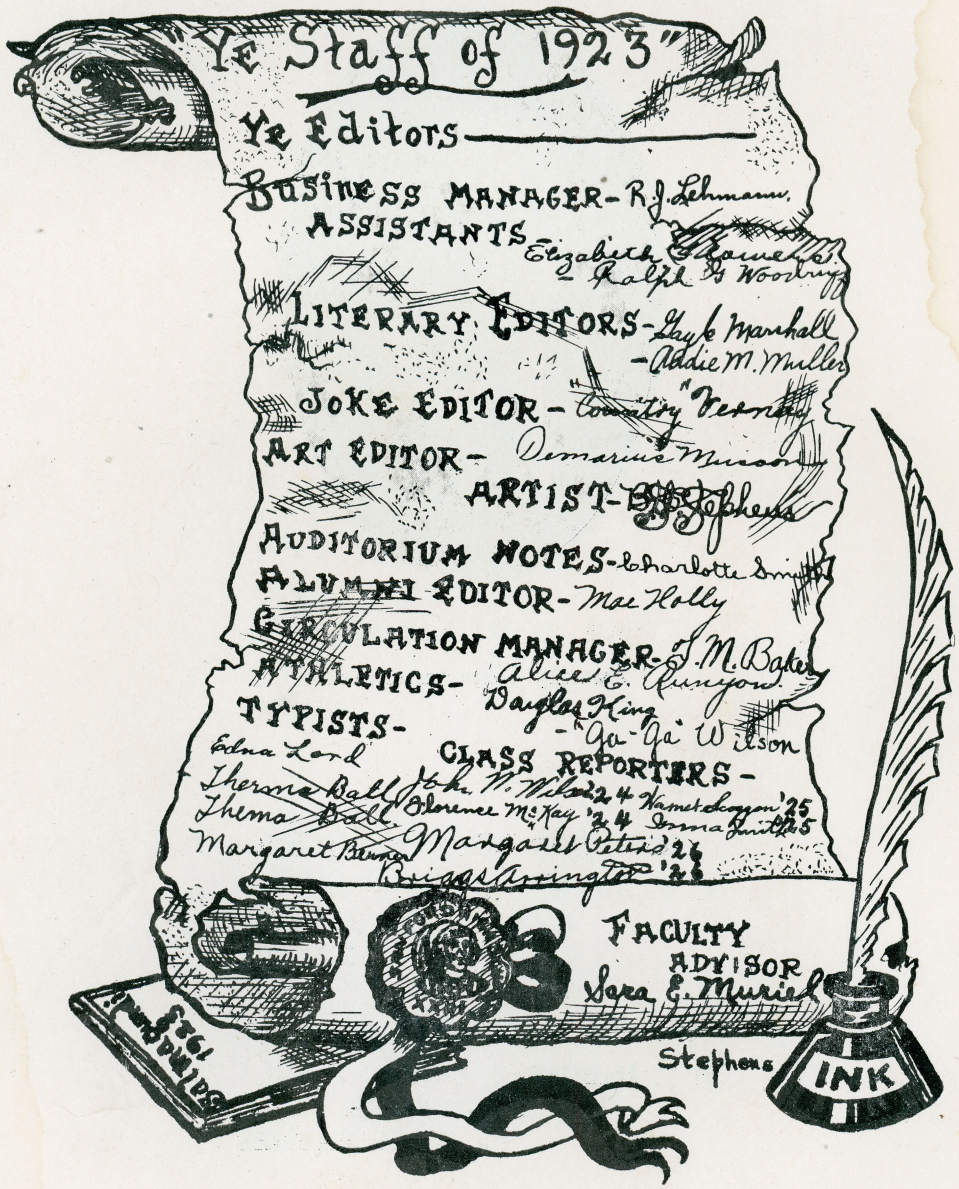
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INK

TO THE TEACHERS

Here's to the faculty of S. H. S.
Here's to the work—the play no less,
And all the tests they've helped us pass;
Here's to the friendship, guidance, and cheer
They have given us, year by year,
For without their interest
We never would be
The Senior Class of '23.
So here's to the teachers of Sanford High,
Whom we'll never forget, tho' we bid them goodbye.

—RHODA VAUGHN, '23.

— SALUTE —

MR. G. E. McKAY, B. A.

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— SALMAGUNDI —

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Stetson University
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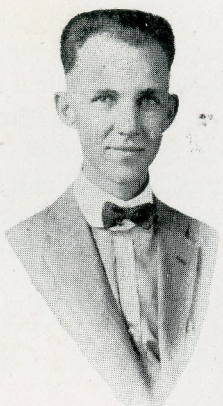
University of Florida
Algebra and English



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B. S. A. E.

University of Florida
Vocational Agriculture

MISS MARY CATES ZACHARY, B. S.

Florida State College for Women
Home Economics

MISS GERARDINE MURIEL, B. A.

Piedmont College
Spanish and History

HERE'S TO THE MEN WE'RE GOING TO BE THE S. H. S. OF '23

What we shall meet, e'er this life is done,
We cannot say 'till the race is run.
Little we know, as we go from here,
How time will scatter us, far and near.
Poverty, riches, or death or fame—
How reads the record by ev'ry name
Only the passing of years can tell.
Whatso we do, we shall do it well;
All we say, as we leave today—

HERE'S TO THE MEN WE'RE GOING TO BE THE S. H. S. OF '23

—A. M. M., '23.

SENIOR
Excelsior
1923
S·H·S
STEPHENS
CLASS

RALPH G. WOODRUFF

Ralph is our president this year, and a good one, too. He is our happy Senior; we do not know exactly the cause of his smiles, but we like them anyway. He is one who gets done the things he is asked to do, and we predict success for him.

A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3; Baseball, 1, 2; Football, 3; Vice-President Class, 2, 3; Pres. Class, 4; Ass't Business Mgr. "Sally" Staff, 4; Ed. Fielding, Senior Play.

FAREWELL

Four years ago, the never-to-be-forgotten year of 1919, we began our High School career as "Freshmen". The thoughts of our Seniorhood becoming a reality were certainly pleasing; but now, having become "STATELY" Seniors it is not without some feeling of regret that we think of this as our last year in S. H. S.

When Freshmen, we chose for our sponsor, Miss Gray, and through these four years in High School she has been our best friend and wisest advisor and a source of inspiration to our often dull minds. "Green and White" seemed so appropriate when we were Freshmen, that we chose them for our colors. Our banner was and still is the pride of our hearts, with its green background and white lettering of our motto "Excelsior"—"Higher". When we are no longer in this school, and the Class of '23 is but a memory we hope that others may see our motto and that we, too, may remember to go up higher.

We shall never forget the happy days spent here in the High School nor shall we forget the many friends made among the students and the faculty of Sanford High School.

Ralph G. Woodruff

Class President.

DORIS LOUISE MOORE

Doris has been with us since we first started to school, little tots together, and her long absence this year, which has been due to ill health, makes a vacant place in the class which no one else can fill. We miss her not only because of her gay comradiere, but also because she has a nature made of sunshine and steadfast friendliness that endears her to all

THE CLASS OF '23.

"The most we can do for our friend is simply to be her friend. If she knows that we are happy in loving her, she will want no other reward.

"Is not friendship divine in this?"

SENIORS

OMAH ALLEN

Cheerful, friendly, little Omah doesn't take either life or school too seriously; she strikes a happy medium, and makes friends as she goes.

A. A., 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 3.

MARIAN K. APPLEBY

There is no doubt that whatever may be frail, dainty Marian's station in life, she will fill it conscientiously, doing her best always.

A. A., 2, 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3; Dramatic Club, 4; Glee Club, 3.

MERTON AYCOCKE

He is a manly person. There would be little trouble in the world if all were like Merton. He goes his way, undisturbed by the everyday strife of school life; but he has that fine "stick-to-it spirit," and filled his place well on the Football Squad.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3; Football, 1, 3, 4; Overall Club, 1; Ezra Simpson, Senior Play, 4.

EMILY BAILEY

Emily is one of our chemistry sharks, but that is not all she is proficient in, for she is an all-round student. Quiet and unassuming, she is nevertheless ready for study or fun.

A. A. 1, 2, 4; Gainesville Summer School, 3; Lit. Soc., 1, 2.

THOMAS MEADE BAKER

Meade loves fun, those laughing gray-blue eyes tell you that, but there's something in the way he looks over the heads of the rest of us, from his six feet plus, that makes you wonder how a real man happens to be here in school, even in the Senior class of S. H. S.

Academy, Stetson U., DeLand, 1, 2; Geneva H. S., 3; Debating Club, 4; Demolay; Baseball Team, 4; Circulation Manager "Sally" staff, 4; Francis Hughes, Senior play.

SENIORS

MARGARET LOUISE BERNER

If persistence and work will win success, Margaret will have unbounded success. Indeed, her thorough application has already been rewarded; she can do algebra backwards and forwards, and type with the speed and accuracy of a regular stenographer.

A. A. 4; Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3; Typist, "Sally" staff, 4; Dramatic Club, 4; Flossie Mason, Senior play, 4.

EDITH VIOLA BOOTH

Quaint, slender little "Vi," with her sunny smile and her sweet impulsiveness, is in refreshing contrast to many of the practical matter-of-fact Seniors.

Bradentown, M. H. S., 1; Key West, M. H. S., 2; Lit. Soc., 2, 3.

IRIS BRITT

Iris has eyes as blue as the flower for which she is named. Her quiet demeanor and immaculate neatness are the final touches which unquestionably give her the right to that title of high rank—"a real lady."

Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3.

GEORGE COWAN

When we want a favor done we "Let George do it,'" he is always ready to help. "Su-u-re thing, I'm a shark at that," says George, whether it's basketball or trigonometry. He's right about the basketball, but we're not so sure of him when it comes to "trig."

A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 3, 4; Football, 3. 4; Track Team, 3; Lit. Soc., 1, 2; Tom McShane, Senior play, 4.

ELIZABETH FLOWERS

Beware of those eyes and smiles, for with them she charms even her most dreaded foes. Troubles never worry Elizabeth, and she is one who enjoys a good time. Kind, sympathetic and resourceful, she is liked by everyone.

A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3; Dramatic Club, 3; Glee Club, 3; Junior Vaudeville, 3; Rose Winterbury in "A Southern Cinderella," 3; Fairy Guard in "The Kingdom of Good Speech," 3; Ass't Bus. Mgr. "Sally" staff, 4; Octavia Brent in Senior play, 4.

SENIORS

ELIZABETH GARRISON

Elizabeth's hobby is getting Spanish and she does it well, too. Though she is not given to much talking, the mischieveous look in her eyes betrays a happy, roguish personality.

A. A. 1, 2,; Lit. Soc. 1, 2, 3.

OLLIE VERA GLISSON

Ollie Vera is a living illustration of the saying that "No oath can bind a man from woman's witchery." One glance from those sparkling brown eyes—see how they fall. With her gay vivacity she has been an unfailing bright spot through three years at S. H. S., making cheerful many an otherwise dull session.

White Plains, N. Y. 2; A. A. 1, 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 1, 3; Vice Pres. Class, 4; Dramatic club 3, 4, Vice Pres. 4; Junior vaudeville 3 ;"R ses and Romance" 3; Johnnie Bell Randolph, "A Southern Cinderella" 3; Genie McShane, Senior play.

MAE HOLLY

We should never learn from modest, lovable Mae of her many abilities, but we are finding them out and our class could scarcely get along without her. We wonder how one can do so many things yet always be so even-tempered and serene as Mae.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3, Vice Pres. 1; "Twinkling Star" 2, 3; "Sally" staff 2; Glee Club 3; Alumni Ed. "Sally" staff, 4; Class Historian, 4; Dorothy Phillips, "A Proposal Under Difficulties," 3; Rose Hawkins, Senior play.

LEWIS HUGHEY

One of those mysteriously imperturbable persons, whom nothing ever disturbs, either for good or ill, Lewis leaves S. H. S. to meet the world. Here's hoping he receives at least one surprise, somewhere in life, that will jolt his complacency.

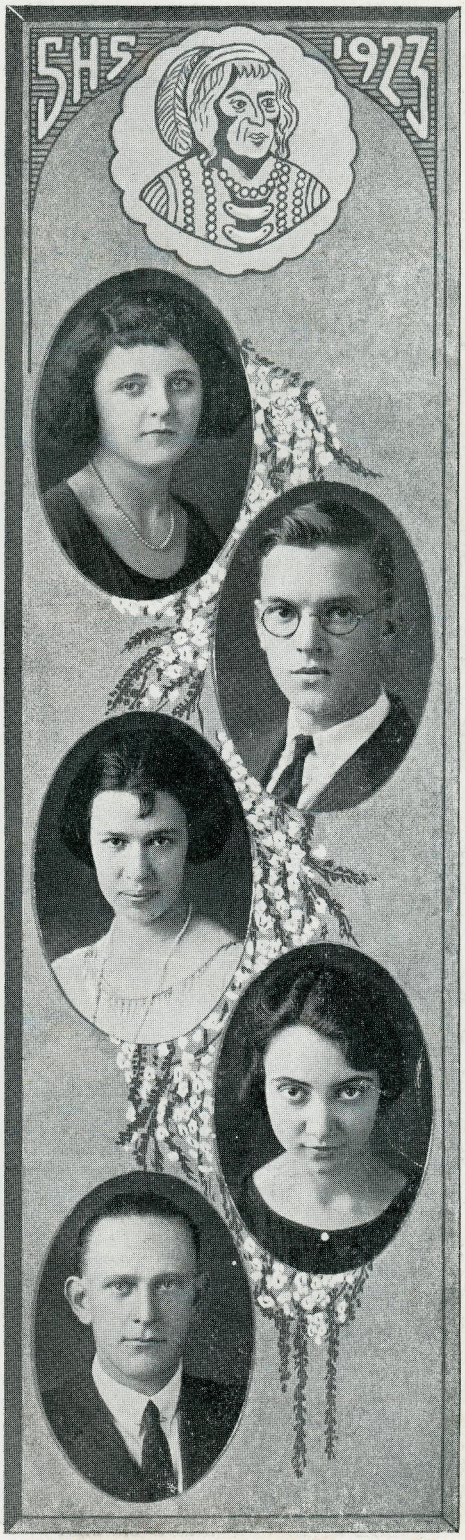
Watkins H. S., 1; A. A. 2, 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 3.

DOUGLAS KING

Douglas is a lively, laughing person, holding very decided opinions and aims of his own, which he is likely to carry out in spite of opposition, with the same determination he used in football.

Gwynne H. S., Ft. Myers, Fla., 1, 2, 3; Football, 4; Boys' Athletics, "Sally" staff, 4; Noah Hawkins, Senior play.

SENIORS



JOSEPHINE KNIGHT

Josephine is inclined to consider school a terrible bore, but four years of it are up at last, and now for other, more enjoyable things.

St. Joseph's Academy, 1; A. A., 2, 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 2, 3; Dramatic Club, 4; Swimming meet, 3; Junior vaudeville, 3; Irene Gordon, Senior play.

RODMAN J. LEHMANN

A quiet, studious chap, with a botanical interest, who came here from Indiana. "Sally" owes much of its success to his untiring work as business manager.

Crown Point H. S., Ind., 1; A. A., 3, 4; Junior-Senior Banquet committee, 3; Class Treas., 4; Sec. Debating Club, 4; Business Mgr. "Sally" Staff, 4.

FLORENCE EDNA LORD

If hard work and natural ability count for anything, here is one who will succeed. Edna has used her time in school to advantage, and profited by more than text book lore alone.

Lit. Soc., 1, 3; U. D. C. award, 3; Typewriting award, 3; Dramatic Club, 4; Miss Dyer, "Joint Owners in Spain," 4; Typist "Sally" staff, 4.

GAYLE MARSHALL

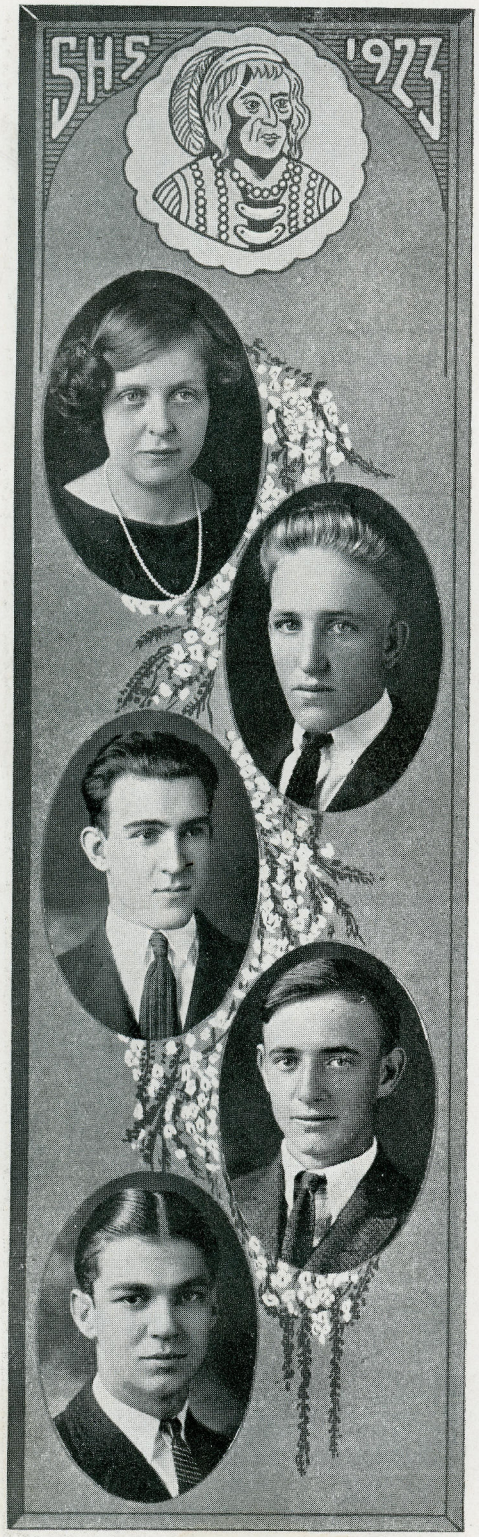
It would take a whole dictionary to do justice to Gayle. "All her work is above the ordinary," a teacher said. Her brilliant scholarship is not all she is known for in S. H. S. She has taken a genuine interest in almost every school activity.

Oviedo H. S., 1; Class Sec., 2; Class Pres., 3; A. A., 2, 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 2, 3; Third Vice Pres., 3; Lit. Ed. "Sally" staff, 4; Winner "Acres of Diamonds" contest, 2; Winner, Irving Bacheller contest, 2.

GALE McALEXANDER

Certainly we can always depend on Gale. He doesn't have much to say, but in football and swimming she's "There with the goods."

A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3; Swimming, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 3; Track, 3, 4; Football, 3, 4.



SENIORS

ALICE GOODING McKIM

Alice Gooding is the most energetic person we know. She overwhelms us with questions, and while we are collecting our scattered wits, she has answered them herself. Generous, positive, and determined, she has won the commendation of teachers and students alike.

A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3.

LEONARD L. McLUCAS

Here is one of the best athletes S. H. S. has ever had. However, when Leonard chooses his vocation he should make sure that he will treat it as he has athletics, not as he has school work.

A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3; Class Vice Pres., 18-19; Overall Club, 1; Glee Club, 3; Swimming Team, 1, 2, 3, 4; Capt., 3, 4; Basketball team, 1, 2, 3, 4, Capt., 3; Football team, 2, 3, 4, Capt., 3, 4; Track team, 2, 3, 4, Capt., 2; Baseball team, 1, 2, 4, Capt., 1, 2, 4.

VICTOR McLAULIN

Victor is just simply so full of life that there is no way to subdue him. As full of pranks and tricks as a boy could be, there is so much kindness, big-heartedness, and sincerity in him that we go right on liking him. Whether in dramatics or athletics, Victor does his part with ability and enthusiasm.

A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Pres., 4; Football team, 3, 4; Basketball team, 2, 3, 4; Baseball team, 1, 2, 3; Junior vaudeville, 3; Pete Boyd, "Pete Boyd's Proposal," 3; Sim Batty, "Professor Pepp," 2; Steve Malone, Senior play.

PHILIP R. MILES

Philip would try to make us believe that he knows nothing, but we have learned, despite his reticence that back of this there is much knowledge and a determined purpose.

A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Overvall Club, 1; Lit. Soc., 1, 2:

WILLIAM B. MOYE

Bill believes in the rights of the individual, and he usually gets 'em, but then, who could resist him? He has a will and a way "of his own."

A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice Pres. Lit. Soc., 3; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4, Capt., 4; F otball, 3, 4; Baseball, 2, 4; "The Case of Suspension", 2; "Pete Boyd's Proposal," 3; Douglas Mason, Senior play.

SENIORS

ELLA MARY MUIRHEAD

Ella Mary is one of the few in the class who have always attended school in Sanford. She will never set the world on fire, but perhaps unhurried placidity is less wearing, and just as satisfactory.

A. A. 1; Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3; Dramatic Club, 4.

ADDIE MARGARETHA MULLER

Addie came to us from Oklahoma, bringing with her something of the mystery of her beloved West. Quiet, kindly, and helpful, she modestly pursues her studies, doing them all well. We cannot but marvel at her inexhaustable vocabulary. "To those who know thee not no words can paint, and those who know thee, know all words are faint."

Knowles H. S., Okla., 1½; DeLand H. S., ½; A. A., 1; Lit. Soc., 2, 3; Dramatic Club, 4; Repr. Irving Bacheller contest, 4; Lit. Ed. "Sally" staff, 4.

DEMARIUS MUSSON

Oh what a tease she is! But we do not mind the teasing, for witty, original Demarius has helped us out many a time. Whether writing stories or doing fancy dives she does them in a "different" way, and a way we like.

A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3; Sec. Glee Club, 3; Swimming team, 2, 3; Pres. Dramatic Club, 4; Miss Hawkins, "A Southern Cinderella," 3; Ephraim Smith, "Roses and Romances," 3; Art Ed. "Sally" staff, 4; Genevieve Brent, Senior play.

TROY RAY

"Life is mostly froth and bubble" to some people, Troy among them, but perhaps he only seems so because his interests are so remote from school.

A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 2; Overall Club, 2; Jonah Hawkins, Senior play.

MELBA REIZENSTEIN

Melba has spent only one year at S. H. S. but we doubt if anyone who has known her will forget the absolute wonder of her wide, gray-green eyes. There is something more than outward beauty—a touch of faith and optimism, in her face.

Kansas State Normal H. S., 1; Westport, Kansas City, Mo., 2; Madame Pless, Seattle, 3; Class Will, "Sally" staff, 4.

SENIORS

GERTRUDE M. RUNGE

Gertrude seems to have found the path of true peace; it shows in the serenity of her brown eyes, the measured gentleness of her voice, and the composure on her face.

A. A., 1; Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3; Glee Club, 3.

ALICE E. RUNYON

There's something different about merry, piquant Alice. Black hair and dark eyes, and her unfailing good temper, together make an irresistible charm, with a bit of a foreign tang.

Steubenville H. S., 1½; A. A., 4; Debating team, 3; Junior chorus, 3; Junior-Senior Decorating committee, 3; Vice Pres. Dramatic Club, 4; Ass't. Circulation Mgr. "Sally" staff, 4; Fawn-No-Fraid, Senior play.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH SMITH

To know and know, and still not know enough; to learn and learn, and still not learn enough—that's Charlotte. If we want to know anything, we ask Charlotte, and—she tells us. An earnest student, a helpful, good-natured friend, she has won many laurels, among them the Mobley Medal. We wish you'd divide your grades with the rest of us, Charlotte.

Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3; Class Pres., 2; Mobley Medal, 2; Pianist Glee club and Junior vaudeville, 3; School pianist, 3, 4.

LILLIE RUTH SPENCER

The great thing in Lillie Ruth's life is her singing, and if she continues her application, great things may come to her. She is generous with her talent, and has gladdened the monotony of chapel for us many times.

A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Lit. Soc. 1, 2, 3; Sub. on basketball team, 1.

MARIE STEMPER

Practical, industrious, and smiling, that's Marie. But back of her smile is a strong, brave character that will steadfastly conquer all difficulties.

A. A., 1; Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3; Glee club, 3; Junior chorus, 3; Queen Rose, "The Perfect Kingdom of Good Speech," 3; Goddess of Plenty, "Thanksgiving," 3.

SENIORS

BYRON STEPHENS

What can we say of genius? Byron's work as staff artist speaks for itself and we're looking for great things from him. Byron has, indeed, the true school spirit, and in every phase of high school life he has taken an active interest.

A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Sec.-Treas, 4; Lit. Soc., 2, 3, 4; Twinkling Star, 2, 3; Class Sec., 2, 3, 5; General Manager "Gator Emporium"; Baseball, 1, 2, 4; "Sally" staff artist, 2, 3, 4; Fitzhugh Montmerry Loveland, Senior play.

DOROTHY STOKES

Somehow we just can't help liking funny, smiling "Dot." She makes us all forget our troubles, and when she does tackle her subjects, she does so with a will that masters them.

A. A., 1, 2, 4; Lit. Soc., 1, 2; Glee Club, 2; Volley ball, 2; Dramatic Club, 2, 4; Enid Bennett, "A Southern Cinderella," 2.

CLAIRE M. SWINNEY

It may be his Irish blood, that shows in his deep blue eyes, and it may be because he came from Kansas, but anyway, Claire "Mike" Swinney has added much to S. H. S. in his two years here. The football team will miss him. Frankly honest, square, and uncomprising, he dares Life.

Enterprise Junior High, 1, 2; DeLand Football team, 3; Sanford Track team, 3; Football team, 4.

ARTELIA TICHENOR

Artelia must believe that "the happiest heart is child-like," for a beautiful faith and sweet simplicity shine in her lovely hazel eyes. And how we delight to see the color come and go in her cheeks, because it is perfectly real.

Orlando H. S., 1, 2, 3.

RHODA VAUGHN

A sincere seriousness, and the ability to do good work, hover back of Rhoda's occasional seeming irresponsibility. We know she will be as efficient in other things as she is in shorthand, and that's saying a good deal.

A. A., 1, 2, 3; Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3; Glee Club, 3; Junior vaudeville, 3; Dramatic Club, 4; Fleurette, Senior play.

SENIORS

HELEN E. VERNAY

The first thing you notice about Helen is her smile. It is the real thing, and so are the splendid grades she makes. The Joke Editor is no joke, but a very pleasant person.

Reynolda, 1; Salem Academy, 2; Winton-Salem H. S., 3; A. A., 4; Rollins Repr., 4; Joke Ed. "Sally" staff.

SARAH E. WHEELESS

In Sarah we find a true friend, one who is ever ready to do her part. Though some may think her reserved and shy, she's never so when it comes to basketball, for there she puts enthusiasm into us all.

A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3; Class Treas., 2; Basketball, 2, 3, Capt., 3, Mgr., 4; Junior vaudeville, 3; Muriel Lee, Senior play.

NONIE WILLIAMS

A majestic young woman, whose quiet, sincere friendliness is mingled with a poise and dignity which many a Senior might envy.

Southern College, 1; Palma College, 2; Glee Club, 3; Mammy Judy, "A Southern Cinderella', 3; Dramatic Club, 4; Mrs. Susan Brent, Senior play.

ROBERT WILLIAMS

No one ever knows what "Bo" is thinking; for those cool gray eyes and the straight line of his lips give no hint, but there is something that makes you feel sure that his thoughts are undoubtedly valuable and worthwhile.

A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 1, 2; Pres. "Gator Emporium," 2, 3, 4; Rev. Blake, Senior play.

GLADYCE WILSON

Winsome, little "Ga Ga" delights us with her coquetry. Gladyce has managed the girls' basket ball with great success. When it comes to staging plays and minstrel shows she can't be beat.

A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Lit. Soc., 1, 2, 3; Basket Ball team, 2, Mgr., 3; Class Treas., 3; Athletic reporter, "Sally" staff, 4; Maid in "A Proposal Under difficulties," 3; Mary Hawkins, Senior play.

OUR CLASS OF '23

A HISTORY

Many years ago, in the little Primary School that still stands and will always be dear to our hearts, most of the members of the present Senior Class started their school days. We left the Primary School after two years of hard work, mostly on the part of the teachers, and for six long years remained in Grammar School.

There we soon found that school life consists of work as well as of play. Of our Grammar School days we have many happy memories and especially of our eighth grade year. As High School Seniors we have never been quite so dignified nor shown our superiority so much as we felt it when were were eighth-graders.

But when we entered High School we found we were about the greenest set of Freshies that had ever entered. It seems now but a short time since we gathered in Chapel for the first time as a group of timid Freshmen. Four years have simply flown away leaving us only memories—pleasant memories, most of them—of happy times and hard work we have shared together. We all remember that first day at High School when our groups of Freshmen girls huddled together at the foot of the steps while the haughty Sophomores glanced down at us, and well do our boys of '23 remember the first belt line they went through.

We were an enthusiastic class, early elected officers, and had our banner flying. But much of our progress was due to our counsellor, Miss Gray, who was ready to help us at any time.

Vacation days were soon over and we were then back at school as gay young Sophomores, having the great privilege of looking down upon the poor little Freshmen. Being just as industrious and eager for work while Sophomores as we had been when Freshmen we had a most successful year and our class felt particularly proud that one of its number, Charlotte Smith, that year won the Mobley Medal.

School started off with a rush the next year as we had so much to accomplish as Juniors. We staged a Junior play which was a great success and then spent the rest of the year planning for that grand event—The Junior-Senior Banquet.

Only the words, "We marched calmly and sedately through the front door" can express how we felt that October morning when we entered the old High School again to find ourselves full-fledged Seniors. Each one started out with an aim to make a success of his last year in "Old Sanford High" and while we are living up to our motto of "Excelsior"—"Ever Higher"—we are loath to leave old S. H. S.—and our pleasant associations here.

—MAE HOLLY, '23

CLASS WILL

Melba Reizenstein,
Attorney for Senior Class,
Senior Row, S. H. S.

Not subject to the state laws of Florida concerning the execution of Class Wills.

We, the Class of 1923, having passed some mental tests, do hereby, make, declare and publish this our first, last and only testament, (neither stamped, signed nor sealed).

1. We, the Seniors of S. H. S., bequeath to the Juniors our "lofty perches", our privilege of leaving school before or during the last two periods of the day (providing no other classes are cut without permission from Prof. McKay). We also bequeath to you, Juniors, our skill in obtaining this said permission. To the Sophomores we leave a self-appreciation and love of Geometry and to the Freshmen we leave our extensive vocabularies (considering this our most valuable endowment) and last but far from least we leave to them our dignity.

2. To Lenabel Hagan we bequeath Demarius Musson's golden curls, (permanent waves are quite expensive at present) and to LeClaire Jones we leave Troy Ray's art of chewing gum (You need just a little more practice, LeClaire).

3. We leave to Irma Smith, Addie Muller's coiffieurs; to Pierce Grif in, Rodman Lehmann's quiet and reserved ways, and to Tillye Benjamin we leave Mae Holly's quiet laugh. (Worth cultivating, Tillye.)

4. Ollie Vera Glisson's permanent grin (advantageous to pearly teeth) we leave to Essie Diehl. Helen Vernay relinquishes all claim upon Hampden DuBose leaving him to Margaret Wight, providing he is handled with care.

5. To Clarence Fields, Teddie Dunn and Robert Hagan we leave Bill Moye's, Vic McLaulin's and Claire Swinney's art of "slinging a mean football".

6. To Claire Zachary we leave Edna Lord's grace in walking the tight rope and also Edna's talent in writing love stories: to Dorothy Cameron we leave Dorothy Stokes' ability to prevaricate and exaggerate.

7. To Eva Grace Wagner (alias Tiddlie Winks) we leave Gertrude Runge's demure ways hoping she will profit by said example of demureness and to Ed. Moye we leave Geo. Cowan's and Leonard McLucas' remedy for broken noses.

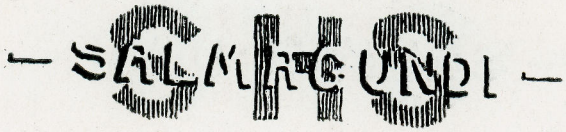
8. We will Lillie Ruth Spencer's golden voice to Maude Carraway and to Geraldine Kent and to Sam Fleischer we leave Charlotte Smith's and Gayle Marshall's ample sufficiency of gray matter (hoping it will be treasured and duly appreciated).

9. To the faculty and student body, en masse, we leave our sincere wishes for prosperity and health; but we reserve to ourselves, for ever-more in the world at large, our own individual rights to our pleasant memories of the friends and happy times in good old Sanford High.

Witnesses:

IDA MAY GRAY
SARA E. MURIEL.

(Signed) CLASS OF '23.



A CLASS PROPHECY

(In the form of an interlude of one act entitled "What Became of the Class of '23")

Scene—Golden Gate in front of which St. Peter is dozing. (Enter Ralph Woodruff.)

RALPH—Hello there, St. Peter, how about letting a fellow in out of the cold!

ST. PETER—Why, if it isn't Ralph Woodruff! And grey-haired at that! What are you doing here so soon?

RALPH—You see I started a shoe store in Iceland, specializing in satin slippers with heels of solid ice and for a while I did a rushing business. But would you believe it, we had a cold spell and the heels froze to the ground at every step! I was mobbed and sent out of the country and now here I am. Is anybody else here from the Class of '23?

ST. PETER—Just one—Rodman Lehmann has been with us for two years. You know, he was class treasurer back in '23 and the care of all that money made him age quickly; but when he was made president of the Seminole Bank that was the last straw so he came to join our happy throng.

RALPH—Glad I'll have company. Say, I'm freezing. Don't you think it's about time you're letting me in?

ST. PETER—Sure, son. Walk right in. I'll have one of the angels page Rodman for you.

(Exit Ralph while St. Peter interviews two Chinamen and one Italian. Six months have elapsed and we now behold two familiar figures patiently toiling upward and onward. Enter Mae Holly and Gladyce Wilson.)

ST. PETER—Gosh, it's good to see you two here, just as friendly as ever, but why the untimely end?

GLADYCE—We're weary and worn and crave the golden streets. (Catches sight of sign on gate post and reads aloud, "All applicants must first give account of themselves. We want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth".)

GLADYCE—Take a slant at that, Mae. We might as well begin. Well, after I left High School I introduced flapperism in Cuba and incidentally distinguished myself as a Spanish shark. As for Mae—I was resting on the 681st step when she came tearing around a corner so we finished the climb together.

MAE—Yes, and I'm glad to get here, too. I was one of twelve old maids who were so hard to please that each refused from three to seven proposals of marriage and then had to end their days in solitude. And I'm right here to tell you, it's a hard life.

ST. PETER—You have my utmost sympathy, girls. Just walk in and turn to the right on the first golden street and get fitted to a pair of wings. (Produces enormous golden key from vest pocket and unlocks gate. Exeunt Mae and Gladyce just as Merton Aycocke appears).

ST. PETER—It never rains but it pours. Just look who's here!

(Gladyce sees Merton through gate and calls.)

GLADYCE—Hey there, Merton! I haven't seen you for ages and ages. What have you been doing?

MERTON—I bought the Tampa Special and ran it for twenty years 'till one day when it fell to pieces like the "One Hoss Shay". My grief was so great that I ended it all.

MAE—You did the right thing exactly. Come on in and help us pick out some becoming wings.

(Exit Merton. Six months roll by uneventfully. Enter boy with telegram.)

ST. PETER—(Reads)—"On our way. Prepare fatted calf for Stephens & Williams." Now who could that be? It's enough to try the patience of a saint to wait around in such suspense. Oh, it must be Byron and Robert. And sure enough, here they come.

BYRON—Hello there, kid Peter! We crave food and plenty of it.

ST. PETER—Whoa—back off there, boys! You'll have to give an account of yourselves before you can get even a look in.

BYRON—I've been advertising and painting signs for "Gator Emporiums," I know you've heard of 'em because they're world-wide institutions.

ROBERT—Yes, Byron's been holding down the publicity end of my chain of stores. We made millions and were sitting on top of the world 'till one Friday when Byron ran over a black cat. And would you believe it, we haven't made a red cent since! Now he's figuring on settling down up here in a red mansion with a yellow roof and lavendar chimneys. Anything will suit me so long as there aren't any 'gators around.

ST. PETER—Oh, I guess you've landed in the right place all right. Say, Byron, what's that in your pocket?

BYRON—A copy of the Saturday Evening Post, old thing!

ST. PETER—If you'll leave it with me I'll let you in without another word.

BYRON—Sure thing. Come on, Bo.

(Exeunt Robert and Byron. St. Peter glances stealthily around as if fearful of spies and then settles down with magazine open at the "Ads", pauses at picture of girl with brilliant smile.)

ST. PETER—Well, I'll be darned! Here's little Ollie Vera Glisson just as pretty as ever and posing for a tooth paste ad. (Reads) "Try Pearly White for the teeth. Miss Glisson testifies that she has tried all and finds our Pearly White unsurpassed. Free trial tube and latest portrait of the well-known actress, Miss Ollie Vera Glisson, sent upon receipt of one dime." Dear me! (Turns page. Reads) "Try Ray's chewing gum and pass it on. We guarantee that the sweetness lasts for six hours straight chewing." Well, I hope Troy is satisfied! At last he can have just as much gum as he wants for the rest of his life. (Cuts out picture of Ollie Vera and places it over heart. Turns to "Who's Who and Why"). Here are two familiar faces. Well, just look who's here! Miss Lillie Ruth Spencer, the famous Metropolitan soprano and her accompaniste, Miss Charlotte Smith, who are now on their world-wide concert tour. (Reads) "It is rumored that Miss Spencer has just had one of her limousines upholstered in yellow banknotes. As yet she has been unable to find a chauffeur who can resist the temptation to tear out the beautiful lining, and the star is forced to drive the car herself. Miss Smith attracted attention and sent eleven men to the insane asylum yesterday by standing on Brooklyn Bridge and calmly throwing a handful of $100 bills to the swans". Dawg gone! and to think that those poor girls will have to leave and come to heaven some day! (Glances at another page. Reads) "Get thin by Radio! Miss Dorothy Stokes lectures nightly on 'How to Obtain a Sylph-like Form.' Send for free literature." Gosh, here comes company! (Hides magazine just as seven Irishmen come into view. The days become weeks and the weeks roll into months before we see another of our old friends of '23. Enter William Belmont Moye, tastefully arrayed in yachting costume.)

ST. PETER—Well, the lilies of the field certainly haven't a thing on you, son. You'll do well to explain a little, please.

BILL—That's easy. I made a coupla million in the drug store business and decided to make a big splurge and then retire. So I bought a first-class yacht and invited the Class of '23 to hold their reunion on board the "Belmont." We set sail for a cruise among the South Sea Isles with almost every member present. Nonie Williams had taken up house-keeping for two and couldn't get away for such a long trip, and Lewis Hughey was wandering around the valley of the Nile in his airplane in search of Egyptian mummies. Claire Swinney was defending his title as lightweight champion of the world, but otherwise we had a pretty good crowd.

ST. PETER—'Twas noble of you indeed. I wonder if you know what happened to Douglas King. You know he's a preacher's son and somehow I had a presentiment that he'd be among those present here before now.

BILL—Gosh, being a preacher's son don't cut no ice. He and Melba Reizenstein are tennis champions of the Western Hemisphere and we dropped them off in Cuba for a game. They call themselves the "Invincible Armada" and have challenged the whole world. Say, when do we eat? I don't see any sense in starving.

ST. PETER—Oh, any time, all the time. Just walk in and help yourself. That's the beauty of this place. Everything belongs to everybody else so if you see anything you want, just grab it. (Exit Bill. St. Peter falls into gentle slumber. Enter Gayle Marshall and Addie Muller, Gayle softly mumbling "Amo, amas, amat".)

ST. PETER—(In awed tones)—Ah, Miss Marshall. "Why so pale and wan? Prithee, why so pale?"

GAYLE—Oh, let's don't have any foolishness! You wouldn't look like any rose that's newly sprung in June either if you'd been through what we have. I have translated Virgil, Caesar, Cicero, and Horace into twenty-nine different languages, including Chinese and Choctaw, besides writing an "Ode on Conjugating Latin Verbs" which established my fame. But woe is me! After teaching Latin successfully for fourteen years I forgot the Pluperfect Tense of the verb "occupo" and my life was ruined. (Sighs mournfully.)

ST. PETER—Well, what do you know about that! Say, I wonder if you could translate this little message one of the girls slipped under that gate the other day. (Hands note to Gayle who reads in melancholy voice) "Ego amo te—I love you, Peter." I have seen that handwriting, somewhere!

ST. PETER—(Blushes, pulls out mirror from voluminous pocket, and straightens tie)—It's from that little minx of a Mae Holly. I've had a great deal of trouble with her She is continually pulling the quills out of Rodman's wings and using them as pens to write me notes. Ahem! Ah, Miss Muller! It's a pleasure to have you with us. And what have you been doing?

ADDIE—I'm an authoress, you might say. I have written a great deal but my masterpiece is entitled "The Trials and Adventures of Prof. McKay." With it I have won lasting fame and recognition.

ST. PETER—Good work, Addie. Just step this way. You'll find some of your old friends. (Exeunt Addie and Gayle, the latter softly mumbling "amo, amas, amat—".)

(Our next object of interest appears in the course of seven months. Enter a resplendent beauty attired as the birds of Paradise.)

ST. PETER—Well, who could this be? My stars—it's Josephine Knight herself. Some outfit you're sporting, Jo. You must be rolling in wealth. And by the way, where's Rhoda?

JOSEPHINE—Oh, she's my press agent. You see I got an offer from Rudolph Valentino two years ago to be his leading lady and after much hesitation I accepted. I was supremely happy and immediately bought three cars, two bathing suits and a home in Hollywood but I couldn't have done it without Rhoda Vaughn because she was right there with the newspaper dope. She's advertising for Demarius Musson, the famous modiste, now. I guess you've heard of the Musson shop on Fifth Avenue—gowns for $500 and up and a few hats for less than $50, and everybody begging for more. She's noted for her charming manikins—especially Viola Booth, Elizabeth Flowers and Iris Britt. And by the way, I hear that they are all engaged to millionaire New Yorkers. What do you think of that?

ST. PETER—Some class, eh what? I wonder if you know what happened to Emily Bailey and Alice Runyon?

JOSEPHINE—Surest thing, you know. Emily finally married that man she used to go with so much and he took her to Europe on their honeymoon. They invited me to dinner at their bungalow when they got back and that girl sure did make some good strawberry shortcake! She said that Alice was the wife of a naval officer and now on her third trip around the world. But that isn't a circumstance—just listen to this: Edna Lord is one of the bathing beauties on the west coast while Ella Mary Muirhead won the auto races at Daytona Beach last year. She distinguished herself as the most dare-devil driver ever seen on the Beach! (And with this parting shot the fair Josephine makes her exit while St. Peter swoons without another word. Comes to himself with a start at the sound of very audible footsteps. Enter Leonard McLucas.)

ST. PETER—Well, here you are!

LEONARD—I must be. Say, is that cabbage I smell?

ST. PETER—I should say not! You aren't likely to find any here. What have you been doing to pass away the time?

LEONARD—Great gee whiz! Do you mean to say you haven't heard about my being President of the United States? And not only that, but I've taken up golf and croquet and lawn tennis on the side for local color. Margaret Berner is my private secretary and Meade Baker is Secretary of State, so we've managed pretty well.

ST. PETER—(Whistles softly)—One never knows, does one? And who was "the first lady of the land?"

LEONARD—There wasn't any. I've never seen the girl yet who could sell me the idea of tying up for life. If that's not cabbage I smell why there aren't any cows in Texas. Look out, man, I'm coming through! (Exit Leonard while St. Peter scratches his head thoughtfully and then settles down for another nap. Enter Marie Stemper after short space of time.)

MARIE—Hello there, St. Peter. I brought my violin along because I've never learned to play a harp, and then it's nice to have a variety.

ST. PETER—You bet it is. I certainly do get tired of hearing harps twanging around me all day. And we haven't had any new music since "You'd Be Surprised." I wonder if you know any dope about any of the other students of '23? Most of them have been heard from by now, but what happened to Marian Appleby and a few of the others?

MARIE—Marion, Omah and Gertrude have opened a tea room in Greenwich Village in memory of the Class of '23, which is so popular that the crowds are lined up daily for twenty-three blocks. Only twenty-three people are served at a time and everything costs either twenty-three cents or twenty-three dollars. To be a full fledged Villager one has to have at least twenty-three meals to one's credit.

ST. PETER—Gosh it comes high, doesn't it? Hold on a minute! You haven't told me what you've done yet.

MARIE—I directed the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra for sixteen years, but I cooked my goose by trying to introduce jazz to that high-brow crowd. They mutinied and fired me in a body. By the way, Elizabeth Garrison is the wife of the new leader and is general substitute for anybody who happens to be absent. One day she had to play the trombone, bass violin, and flute all at once because so many of the members were sick, and now the crowds come just to watch her manipulations.

ST. PETER—She must be a trained athlete. Come on in. Check your violin at the door. (Exit Marie.)

(There comes a day when we see two figures stealthily trying to slip through the gate while our worthy Saint gazes the other way. He spies them, though.)

ST. PETER—This way, boys! You must be trying to put one over on me. Did you belong to the Class of '23?

SCOTCHY McCALLEY—Er—yes—we BELONGED to it but we—that is—I graduated in '26 and Ed. here—well—you'll have to ask HIM about HIS commencement dates.

— SKIT —

ST. PETER (Sternly—) Well then, you might as well go on back and wait a little longer. (A voice is heard uplifted in the distance.)

VOICE—You tell 'em, friend, you tell 'em! (Enter Victor McLaulin.)

VICTOR—Don't let 'em pull the wool over your eyes. You might as well let me in right away, though. I got my sheepskin in '23 and I'm darned proud of it!

ST. PETER—Say, who ARE you, anyway?

VICTOR—who, ME? Just read that! (Hands card to St. Peter.)

ST. PETER (Reads)—"Mr. Leonard Victor McLaulin, Shakesperian Actor, Milane Theatre." H-m-m! Not so bad. Rave on, friend Vic.!

VICTOR—I have portrayed the character of "Hamlet" in its highest excellence; but once in a while I have played "Bassanio" to Artelia Tichenor's "Portia" in "The Merchant of Venice." We had the best little team you ever saw. If you could've just heard Artelia say "The quality of mercy is not strained" you would've been in your seventh heaven. Everybody was. (Turns to Scotchy and Ed.) On your way, boys. Back to your "homely joys and destinies obscure". (Exeunt Scotchy and Ed. with crestfallen air.)

VICTOR—Have you heard that little passage of Bill Shapespeare's "If love is blind, passion is cock-eyed?"

ST. PETER—Er—yes, indeed. Very pretty. Walk right in and make yourself at home. Here comes another old friend. (Exit Victor. Sarah Wheeless enters.)

ST. PETER—Ah, my dear? You're looking younger every day. What's the secret?

SARAH—I owe it all to my "daily dozen." You see, I direct a girls' summer camp and I'm able to keep pretty fit. But last summer I had a terrible time. The girls broke into Phillip Miles' farm and confiscated some of his prize celery and he was greatly incensed. He is Mayor of Lake Monroe, and immediately published a proclamation that the girls would either have to be tied up or would have to guarantee to guard his celery with their lives. I had to hire a night watchman for the job.

ST. PETER—So Phillip is a farmer! What about our other country friend, Helen Vernay?

SARAH—She has established a free bus line from Lake Mary to Sanford which brings the city in closer touch with its suburbs. She runs the bus herself and in this way, manages to get to town as often as she likes.

ST. PETER—Poor girl! She will never realize that a country life is best for her. Now, I have accounted for the entire class of '23 except George Cowan, Gale McAlexander and Alice Gooding McKim. I wonder if you've heard from any of them?

SARAH—Oh, yes, Gale and George are still spending their Saturdays with rods and reels and artificial minnows. It is rumored that one day when George caught a forty-pounder, Gale caught two twenty-pounders and that they are still arguing which is the best fisherman. I haven't heard a thing from Alice Gooding, though. Oh, here she comes. I'll run along if you'll unlock the gate. (Exit Sarah. Enter Alice Gooding wearing the familiar cheerful grin.)

ST. PETER—Just look who's here! It's time you're showing up.

ALICE GOODING—Please notice that I don't stutter in the least even when greatly excited. I've perfected a new course for stutterers that has proved most successful.

ST. PETER—Good work, Alice Gooding. You're the last of a long list of eminent people the Class of '23 and I'm glad to say they were all more or less successful in their way.

ALICE GOODING—You bet! And with a class like that—every day in every way the world grew better and better!

(Curtain)

—HELEN VERNAY, '23.

A TOAST TO THE SENIOR GIRLS

O, some may say their girls are fine,
And some that theirs are true;
But though you hunt through every clime,
And search and look a year or two
No girls so brave, and true, and kind
As our Senior Girls you'll ever find.

Working, smiling and helping,
Through all four years they've gone;
So here's to our girls of twenty-three,
And the tasks that they have done.
To you, Senior Girls of S. H. S.,
We drink to you, 'cause you're the best.

—WILLIAM MOYE, '23.

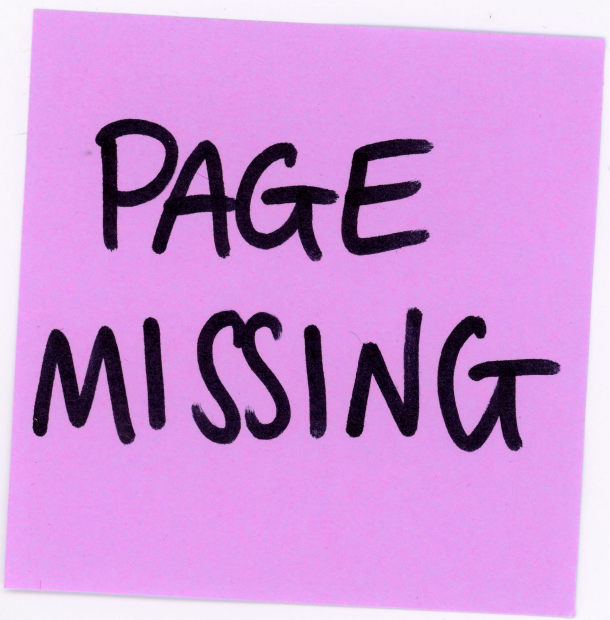
TOAST TO THE SENIOR BOYS

Here's to the boys of the Senior Class,
Faithful to duties, and loyal to tasks,
Always willing to do your part,
Always cheerful and strong of heart.
Here's to the boys of 'twenty-three,
Here's to the success you'll surely be,
Our toast is this—to all the same,
Throughout life's battle, you will be game.

—A. R., '23.

Is there a banner so bright,
As ours, The Green and The White?
And whose can mean more
Than ours! Excelsior!

—R. J. L., '23.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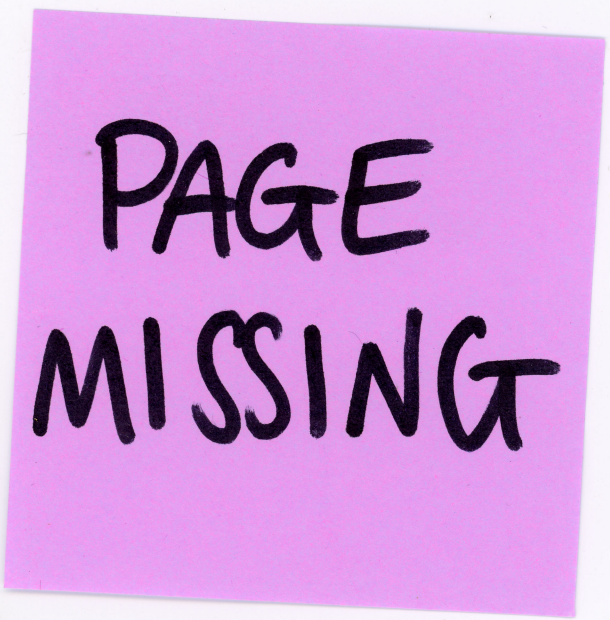
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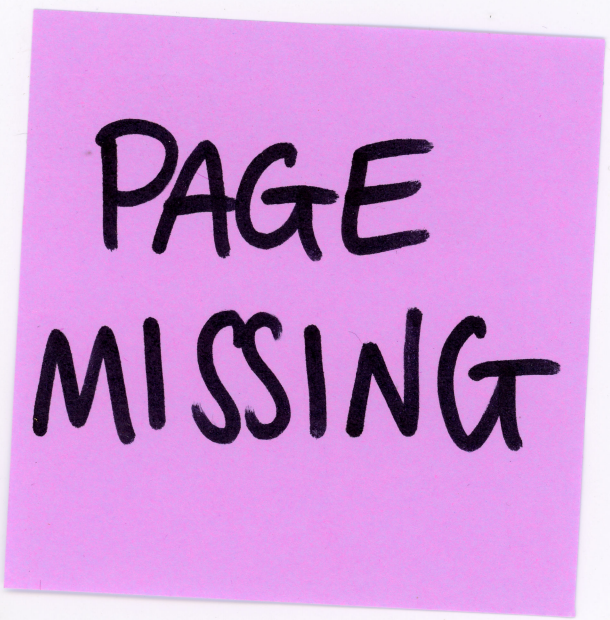
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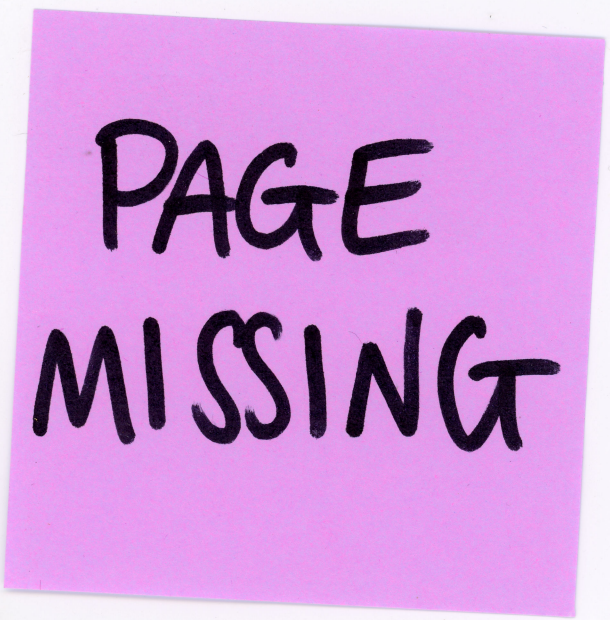
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POEM

I went to hear the brook
That sang so merrily,
And wondered if a book
Could bear me company.

But when I came, the brook
Insulted seemed to be,
To see that I had brought
A book for company.

—MARY STANLEY, '24.

THE LATEST SCANDAL

'Twas morning. A milk wagon clattered by. The eastern sky shone with a beautiful red glow that enraptured the soul. The moments passed. The stars blinked out one by one like candles on a birthday cake. A few fleecy clouds became silvered with the sun's first rays. A sunbeam stole down upon the awakening town, and glittered on the waters of the lake transforming them into golden glory. From thence it skipped through milady's window awakening her with a kiss, so soft, so sweet as to flood her soul with the joy of the beautiful morn. Lucky sunbeam! Playing on the green lawns fresh from the night's repose! Nestling in the heart of the fragrant rose! Bathing in the dewy nectar! Pausing at the factory, making the night watchman blink his owlish eyes and stretch his gaunt frame in relief at the coming of day and the prospect of rest! Changing a dew laden leaf from a prosaic object to a gorgeous rosette of twinkling gems! A whistling newsboy felt its benediction, and a blind man knew by its caress on his lined hand that it was morn and at last the sunbeam paused. His work was done, but he was a very inquisitive sunbeam. Before beginning his journey to western lands he stopped on the windowsill of a modest dwelling and peeked!! HORRORS, SHAME, FIRE, MURDER, POLICE!! The naughty sunbeam had seen MR. McKAY STANDING BEFORE THE MIRROR, POWDERING THE BOIL ON HIS NOSE.

—SCOTCHY, '2?.

T. A. H. O. R. H.

(The Ancient, Historic, Order of Road Hounds)

Song: "Hep, Hep, Hep, the Boys are Walking".

Motto: If you can't "hook" a Cadillac, you might catch a Ford.

Colors: Gray (for the dust of the Packard that has unkindly ignored the signal) and Blue (for the way you feel when it begins to rain with you ten miles from nowhere and not a car in sight).

Rendezvous: Roadside Inn.

OFFICERS

Walking Delegate: Scotchy McCalley.

Imperial Spokesman: Robert B. Mason.

Asphalt Eradicator: Emory Rivers.

Grand Noble Brick Presser: Leonard McLucas.

Ordinary Hounds: Morris Moye, Lewis Hughey and Alton Gunter.

Honorary Members: Walt Whitman, Thomas Gray, Horace Walpole, G. E. McKay.

Sponsor: Tiddle de Winks.

Records (yet unbroken): Sanford-Orlando, 24 miles; time, 50 minutes, rate, 28 miles per hour; Sanford-Miami, 360 miles, time, 20 hours and rate, 15 miles per hour.

Qualifications for Membership: One twenty mile trip, not walking more than 5 miles, (no resting) and return.

"Iter pedester."

EXCELSIOR
YE SENIOR MOTTO

The shades of night were falling fast
As into Orlando a Sanford Senior past;
And feeling full of "pep", hard to quell,
He opened wide his mouth and gave his
old class yell—
"Excelsior".

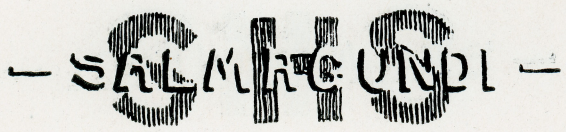
Now he to the dining-table went
Ere all his money he had spent;
Selected string beans, pork and 'kraut,
When they arrived he gave a shout—
"Excelsior".

Next, after eating his evening meal,
He hunted up a good hotel;
And there he bought himself a bed,
And, as he hit the mattress, said—
"Excelsior".

There he lay the whole night through,
He dreamed an awful night-mare, too.
In early morning he awoke with a moan,
And as he gazed around the room,
groaned—
"Excelsior".

—J. A. S., '24.

SOPHOMORES
SOPHS.
RATS
B. STEPHENS



SOPHOMORE CLASS

President	Warner Scoggan
Vice-President	Velma Shipp
Secretary	Carol Stone
Treasurer	Irma Smith
Counsellor	Mrs. G. E. McKay

Class Motto: "Deeds, Not Words."
Class Colors: Green and Gold.
Class Flower: Shasta Daisy.

CLASS ROLL

Louise Allen
Tillye Benjamin
John Brumley
Joe Caldwell
Walter Collum
Albert Connelly
Nina May Cook
Naomi Fellows
Bertha Ferguson
Helen Fischer

Cecil Flowers
Marie Fseulo
Grace Gillon
Alton Gunter
Bernard Hirschi
Mildred Holly
Anna Kanner
George Knight, Jr.
Thelma Lake
Laura Lehmann

Stewart Long
Harton Mabry
Robert Mason
Jean Maxwell
Irene McGahagin
Dorothy Mero
Florence Mero
Georgia Mobley
Olive Newman
Lee Peck

Mary Elizabeth Puleston
Dorothea Ray
Ruby Rivers
Emory Rivers
Violet Swaggerty
Winnie Swaggerty
John Schirard, Jr.
Warner Scoggan
Velma Shipp
Lewis Shipp

Irma Smith
Thelma Spurling
Brown Stafford
Edna Stiles
Carol Stone
Elma Tolar
Virginia Turner
Nelda Van Ness
Eric Viehlen
Watson Wallace

Ira B. Wathen
Mary Whitaker
Margaret Wight
Sara Evelyn Williams
George Wilson
Harry Woodruff
Roberta Wynne

SANFORD HIGH SCHOOL
S·H·S
CLASS
1925
FACTA NON VERBA

FIRST TEN MINUTES OF ENGLISH CLASS

Scene: Miss Muriel's English Room.
Time: First ten minutes of English recitation.
Students file into the English class room where Miss Muriel, the English teacher, is standing before her desk. All take their seats except two boys, Alton Gunter and Lewis Shipp.

Lewis—Pass in and let me shut the door, my dear Alphonse!
Alton—You, my dear Gaston, pass in first!
Lewis—No, I insist that you go first, my dear Alphonse!
Miss Muriel interrupts any further discourse and the two boys, glaring at each other, take their seats. She then begins the lesson.
Miss Muriel—What is a drama, Irma?
Irma—A drama is—
Alton—Aw, lemme tell that, I know it.
Lewis—That's about all you know, too!
Alton—(Turning around and looking at Lewis)—Who asked you for your advice?
Miss Muriel—The same one that asked you to answer that question.
Two boys being finally quieted down, Miss Muriel proceeds.
Miss Muriel—Now get out your paper and pencils—
Lewis—Forgot to bring my pencil, Miss Muriel.
Miss Muriel—Now, Lewis, what would you think of a person who came to class every day without his pencil like you do?
Lewis—Think he didn't have any brains.
Alton (With a low laugh)—That fits you perfectly!
Miss Muriel—Alton!
Alton—Miss Muriel, do you believe in mind reading?
Miss Muriel—Well, Alton, I don't—
Alton—Yes, you would believe in it, too, if you saw Murdock, why—
Lewis—Aw, he's all fake!
Alton—How do you know, you wasn't there!
Lewis—I was, too.
Miss Muriel—Now boys, be quiet. I'll take your names down if you don't behave.
Lewis—Well, I want to make that nut understand where I was last night. He don't believe that I went to see Murdock.
Alton—Well, how did he start off, if you know so much?
Lewis—He said—
Miss Muriel—I'll see both of you boys after school. Anyway, Lewis you may copy five pages of zoology, and Alton you may copy five pages of history.

Curtain.

—LEWIS SHIPP, '25.

STANZA IN DACTYLIC VERSE

By a Latin Student in Caesar, G. M., '25.

Marches to right of me,
Battles to left of me,
Captures in front of me,
All about Caesar.

FIRST TEN MINUTES OF ALGEBRA CLASS

Place—Miss Gray's Room.

Time—Sixth Period.

Pupils are seated and talking about Murdock, the Great Mind Reader. Quiet settles in room as Miss Gray appears on the scene.

Miss Gray—Now everybody stay quiet.

Alton Gunter—Miss Gray, will you please work the thirtieth problem?

Miss Gray—Yes, after I call the roll.

Miss Gray—(After calling the roll).—Now, Alton, what problem did you want me to work, the thirtieth? All right, will you please read it.

Alton proceeds to read problem.

Miss Gray—Please read louder.

(Miss Gray suddenly turns around and asks Jim Hoolehan to stop talking.) (Jim continues talking.)

(Miss Gray goes to her desk, takes out her notebook and gives him three pages of algebra to work, and after working Alton's problem, asks if there is another one anyone wishes her to work.)

No response—(Bright class).

Miss Gray—All right ,then if there isn't, I will give you a test from the even ones.

Series of groans!

Clarence Fields—All right, let's have our little test and get it over.

Miss Gray proceeds to give test and quiet reigns in the room as all are intently working their problems.

—VELMA SHIPP, '25.

SOPHOMORE HISTORY

Miss Gerry teaches History,
Of which she knows just lots;
To us it is a mystery
As to the Hottentots.
We rarely have our lessons
Which you know is very true,
And the way our grades are lessened
Makes us tremble through and through.
We've studied about our forefathers
And the difficult lives they've led.
We've worked and worked and
Crammed and crammed
'Till we've had pains in the head.

—CAROL STONE, '25.

IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—
Sarah Williams ever had her cap on straight—
Irene ever liked anything we cooked—
Dorothea Ray was ever on time—
Margaret, Dorothy, and Jean didn't get through first—
Lucile Echols didn't get THE oven with the glass front—
Tillye didn't want to taste everything that was cooked—
Virginia Turner didn't have her fountain pen for everyone to borrow—
Georgia didn't go crazy over everything she cooked—
Beatrice Martin ever complained—
Carol Stone ever misbehaved—
We didn't have Miss Zachary to hold us down—
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

—FLORENCE MERO, '25.

THE RIME OF A SOPHOMORE BOY

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had his fall;
Jack with Jill, too, so 'tis said—
Stumbled his toe and broke his head.
Just as touching was the plight
Lately suffered by poor Knight.
He, it seems, would set a pace,
Skin a pole like Tarzan's race;
Took a perch high in the air,
Waved his hand, invited stare.
Well, he fell, too, and—like Jack—
His poor crown received a crack.

—HARTON MABRY, '25.

THE RIME OF A SOPHOMORE GIRL

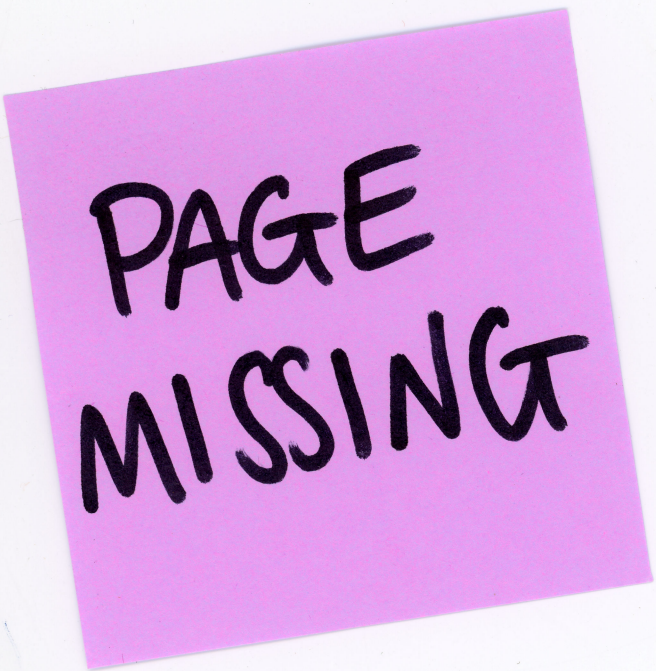
When I go home at eventide
And lay my precious books aside,
And go down town with Jean or Mae,
I wonder why they always say—
"When DOES she get her lessons?"
But, still, next day I go to class,
And strange—so strange—my answers pass,
And when exams are all the rage,
Sweet teachers send me from the stage
And say "Exempt", "Exempt".

—ELMA TOLAR, '25.

JUST MORALIZING

The man who wins in business
As in other walks of life,
Is the one who "plugs" in spite of odds
And glories in the strife;
Who sees beyond the present
And learns to strike his gait,
With a strong unfailing purpose
And a heart for any fate.

—WARNER SCOGGAN, '25.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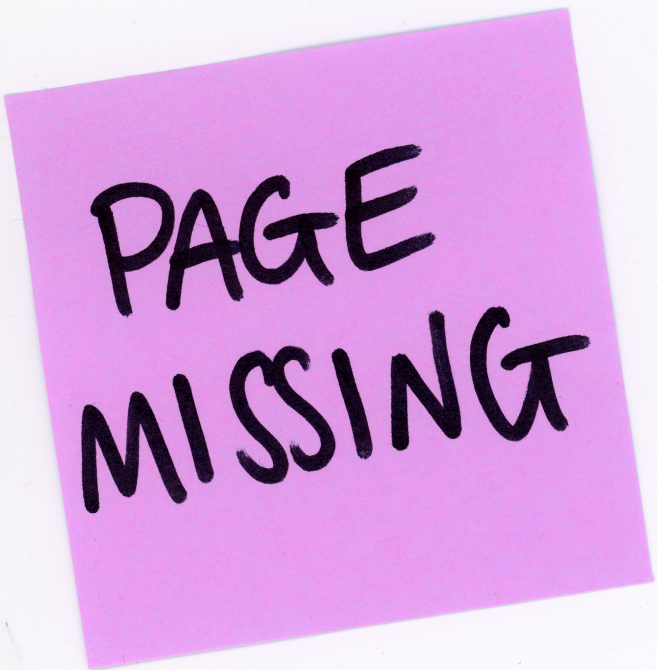
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— SECOND —

HEALTH IS WEALTH

[Editor's Note—This poem won second place in original health poem contest for ninth graders in the mid-winter fair at Orlando].

H is for health,
To have it is grand.
For without good health
No nation could stand.

E is for exercise
And eating as well,
For if these are neglected
The body will tell.

A is for apples,
So juicy and sweet,
If we eat one a day
Good health we will keep.

L is for laggard,
As oft we do find;
Fresh air and exercise
Will keep body and mind.

T is for time
That each one should take
To keep clean the body
Before it's too late.

H is for health,
Where'ere we may be,
For if we take care
No ill health will we see.

I is for illness
That some must endure,
For neglecting to see
That their food is quite pure.

S is for sunshine,
Whose bright golden rays,
Should shine in our windows
Through all the long days.

W is for water,
So pure and so free;
If we'd drink more each day
Better health there would be.

E is for eating
Three good meals a day;
Take time to digest it—
For that is the way.

A is for able
In body and mind;
Then we shall be equal
To work of all kinds.

L stands for labor
Both early and late,
For the one who is idle
No fortune will make.

T is for task
At school and at home;
Then when we're older
We'll not need to roam.

H is for Heaven
When all tasks are o'er;
So let us live wisely
None could ask us for more.

—ESTELLE STARR, '26.

A HISTORY OF THE FRESHMEN

On the first morning of school we were a little nervous about coming up to the "Place of Our Dreams", although we felt some pride at the honor. The boys, of course, went through the belt line while the girls clung together around the steps as a drowning man clings to life.

When we were better acquainted with High School life we found the Sophomores weren't half so bad as we had thought they were and Professor McKay was not so much to be dreaded.

Our class was organized during the first month and Mrs. Maxwell was chosen as our Counsellor. The class officers were elected at the first meeting.

The Freshman Class has had many financial troubles this year of which the banner was the greatest. We raised the money in various ways for we always try to live up to our motto which is "Seize the Opportunity".

At the High School Hallowe'en party the Freshmen won first prize for the best entertainment. This prize proved to be a silver (tin) cup, beautifully engraved by Mrs. McKay.

Just before Christmas we had a party at Mrs. Maxwell's home and everyone had a fine time.

After the holidays we changed our place of business to the annex at the rear of the building where we have much more room than before.

During February we were busy making posters, cartoons and writing essays and poems. Four of these won prizes at the fair in Orlando.

The Class of '26 feels that it has accomplished a great deal during this term and feels very grateful to the teachers and principal for their interest in us.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

The other day I received a letter from a girl friend of mine saying that she was coming to see me for a few days. I had not seen her for five years, so I was very glad to know that she was coming.

On the day of her arrival I was so busy that I almost forgot about it. I hurried down to the station to meet her, but when I got there, to my surprise, there was no one there but an old man and two or three small boys.

I asked one of the little boys if the train from the north had arrived.

He said: "Naw, and it won't be here neither fer two hours".

I couldn't believe him, so I asked the ticket agent, and he told me the same thing.

I went home and about two hours later I arrived at the station just as the train pulled in.

As I had not seen Margaret for five years, I had no idea what she looked like. To my surprise a girl in a short blue calico dress with a big lunch box came up to me and said: "Be you Helen?" As I was Helen there was nothing to do but say, "Yes".

She said: "Ain't you glad to see me?"

Looking around desperately for some help, I replied rather absent-mindedly: "Of course I am. I suppose mother is waiting for us. Come on to the car".

I was not quite over my shock because the last time I had seen Margaret she was very neat, and used the best English of any girl in our set. My goodness! I thought, she certainly has changed!

When we reached home mother was as surprised as I had been, but all she could do was to welcome her cordially.

Margaret's first remark was: "My, but ain't you got a swell house! Ours ain't near so nice".

I was sorry now that we had planned to give Margaret a party because I was sure she would disgrace us all.

We had supper and Margaret didn't have any table manners at all. I was surprised because Margaret had been one of the daintiest girls in our town, but there she was eating with a knife.

After I had dressed for the party I went into Margaret's room to see if I could help her any. To my surprise she was putting on a tight red voile dress which was two sizes too small for her. Her hair was slicked back and fixed in a tight knot in the back. Her dress was above her knees and she had on white cotton stockings and high brown button shoes.

I told her to hurry because some of the guests had already arrived.

I never shall forget the looks on the faces of the boys and girls when Margaret and I stepped into the room.

I introduced Margaret to all of them. When the musicians started playing, one of the boys asked Margaret for the first dance. I was glad because I thought that she was a good dancer but when I looked at her she was so awkward and was stepping all over poor Harry's feet. What in the world had happened to Margaret. I knew that she had taken dancing lessons.

I was very thankful when the party was over because Margaret had made so many mistakes, and I knew that everyone had laughed at her.

After we had gone upstairs, mother called me. I went down and she had a telegram for me. I opened it and it read: "Mother sick. Sorry. Will be there next Tuesday." Signed Margaret Norton.

I was so surprised I couldn't speak. I handed mother the telegram and after she read it she laughed. I laughed, too, because it was so funny.

Then this other girl was not Margaret Norton! But who could she be? It was my business to find out who she was.

I went upstairs to Margaret's room, and opened the door and walked in.

Margaret said: "Gee, but didn't we have a good time"?

I said: "Yes, Margaret Norton".

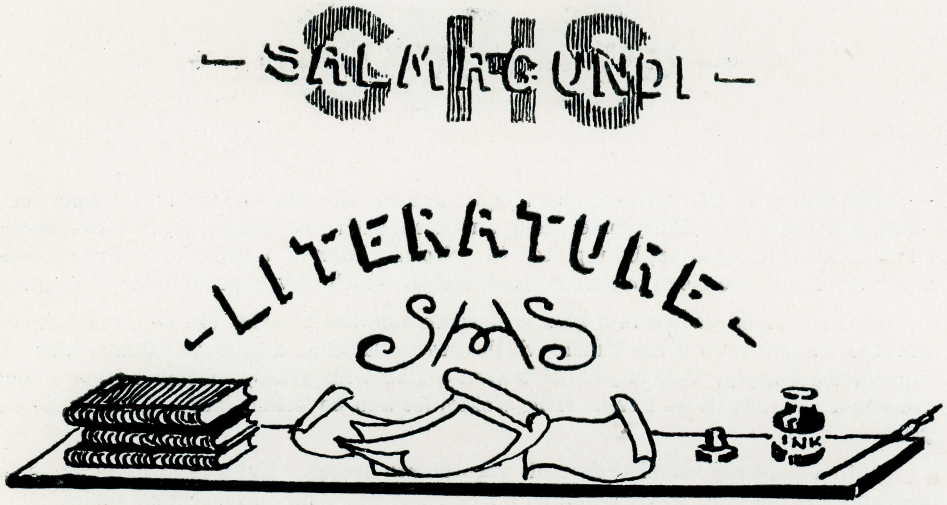
She said: "Say, how do you git that way? My name ain't Margaret Norton. It's Margaret Stovall and my friends call me 'Maggie'."

I then told her about the telegram and she laughed and said: "Ain't it 'unny? My coming here to see my cousin Helen Martin. But you ain't a bit like she used to be. Say, don't you know Helen? Her folks must be powerful worried about me".

I had heard about her although I did not know her personally. The next day Margaret went to stay with her.

On Tuesday I went to meet Margaret Norton and when I told her about the amusing incident, we both laughed 'till the tears rolled down our cheeks.

—MARY ELIZABETH MOYE, '26.



THE AWAKENING OF DAVID SWAN—AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

David Swan, a boy of twenty, who was travelling on foot to Boston, with all his worldly possessions tied up in a handkerchief, became exhausted by the heat, and left the road to enter a clump of maples surrounding a sparkling spring. He refreshed himself at the spring, and then lay down to sleep for a few hours.

While he was thus oblivious to the world several people passed by, and observed him. A pleasantly dignified widow reflected upon his handsome youthfulness; a minister unjustly thought him drunk; a girl, who was struck by his noble features wove him into her dream of love; a wealthy merchant debated as to whether he should adopt the boy as his heir. David Swan slept quietly on, as one by one the world's representatives viewed him. He was no more conscious of their thoughts or glances than was the ever-changing pattern of light and shadow thrown upon the spring by the graceful maple leaves. He knew not the nearness of the varied forces and influences that might have changed his whole life.

For a brief time following the departure of the merchant there was only the throbbing, living silence of undisturbed, unmolested nature. Slumbering David Swan seemed a part of it, seemed one with the musical spring and with the still more musical birds in the thick maple leaves above him.

But a discordant element entered the perfect picture. From the nearby woods came two men—or rather, two who had been men—for it would be wrong to apply that term to such as these were. In appearance they were somewhat opposed. There was a cold hardness, terrible to behold, etched upon the sharp face of one and his blue eyes had a merciless glint. The other apparently had lost all individual determination, and betrayed only nerveless laxity, and dissipation, in the listless droop of his lips and of the heavy lids that half concealed dull black eyes. Yet that unmerciful fate, which at last relentlessly reveals us all as we are, had placed many marks of similarity about these two. Though it manifested itself differently, there was no mistaking the fact that the hand of crime held them both in its grasp.

The taller one, with the stony blue eyes and the cruel mouth, was the first to see David. He impressed silence upon his companion with a gesture. They approached the sleeping lad with a great deal of unnecessary caution, for David Swan did not stir. In low tones they discussed him.

"Good shoes", muttered the man with the supine carriage, looking at his own worn footgear. "Wish I had 'em. Is he soaked?"

The other shook his head. "Not that kind", he snapped, "Just gone to sleep. See that bundle he's sleeping on? The hard cash for mine. Bet that's where it is, too". He cleared his throat experimentally, but David did not twitch a muscle.

— SECOND —

The man with the indolent face slipped a hand into his pocket and brought out a knife, a slender, razor-sharp blade, long and keen, such as a hunter might have carried. After a moment, however, he replaced it. "No use borryin' trouble", he advised, looking dubiously at the clean but worn handkerchief which enwrapped David's belongings.

His companion gave him a glance of scorn, and knelt beside the boy, reaching out cautious fingers toward the bundle which served David as a pillow. "Watch him", he commanded sharply, "And if you don't want a gibbet for yours, remember what I could tell about you, and do as I say. If he wakes, let him have that knife BEFORE he can yell".

With a suddenly blanched face his subordinate obeyed. Knife in hand he crouched, watching the sleeping David Swan as a hawk watches some unsuspecting rabbit.

Not a whit had the setting changed since the merchant had seen David Swan, since the fair girl had spun a web of love and fancy about him. The shadows still flashed on the crystal waters of the spring, the maple leaves still looked as fresh and green; but close beside David Swan were the dark forms of sin and evil. Free as the untamed flood from the spring the birds flew to and fro in the forest, singing to the ceaseless accompaniment of the rustling leaves. Far up in the newly grown top of a maple tree one feathered chorister perched, and like an angel at the gates of dawn, poured forth his glorious, effortless song. The music reached the ears of David Swan, and rested by the deep sleep he had enjoyed, he stirred, and opened his eyes. One glimpse he caught of the fairy-like tips of the tree-tops, outlined against the clear blue of the far-off sky. Then the knife, automatically wielded, struck, and a brief but futile struggle, two against one, ensued, leaving David Swan only a helplessly limp, blood-stained figure close by a towering maple tree.

It was a mirthless anti-climax that there were only a few shillings and some clean clothes in the bundle his head had rested upon. In angry but fearful disappointment the robbers hastened away, full of dread, and in terror of pursuit; not in remorse at having snuffed out the life of a fellow-being, but only in fear of punishment.

Still the birds sang on, and the spring bubbled ceaselessly, cool and pure. The tender green of the maple leaves was outlined on a sky that was, if possible, bluer and more immaculate than before. Was the soul of David Swan somewhere beyond that blue void, or did it hover over the spot where its former habitation lay? No one could have told, those two hundred years ago, nor can anyone say now.

The lives of all are strangely like that of David Swan. Wealth, opportunity, love —may pass us, close by, and we know it not. Unbeknown to us, we are wronged, praised, admired, criticized, and reck not of it. But whatever else we miss or experience, if we be young or old, Death in some guise awaits us all, and we shall know no more of his approach than of the unknown passing of many another thing. Because it is inevitable—"Kismet" as the Orient has it—it little matters when or how Death lays his finger on our busy lives and touches them to silence.

And I like to think that the young soul of David Swan was glad of its early release, even when it saw strangers bearing David's body to an unknown grave. For how hardly the pleasures and gains of maturity's long years balance their losses and cares. Only in youth is there unspoiled joy and untainted pleasure, spotless purity, and true, unfaltering faith. Who will deny that "Whom the gods love die young"?

—ADDIE M. MULLER, '23.

MY FIRST VISIT TO AN ELIZABETHAN THEATRE

I suppose I must have fallen asleep while I was reading about Dr. Faustus and his twenty-four years of interesting companionship with the devil, because that is the only way I can account for what began to happen. Dr. Faustus was getting rather monotonous, anyway, and he had reached the point where he didn't do a thing original, so I had stopped concentrating and had begun to wonder what the devil looked like and to wish that I had been along on the big trip.

And then things began to happen. There I was in a great big airplane lying along and having a perfectly wonderful time and besides there were two men with me and one of them was extremely good looking. The other one wasn't, though. He was old and wore a high silk hat and looked as if he were frightened out of his five senses. At first I thought that he had come along as a chaperon, but he didn't pay much attention to me, and it was when he called the good-looking man "Meph" and Meph called him "Doc" that I realized I was riding with Dr. Faustus and Satan himself. I'll admit it was rather upsetting, but it was a perfectly good adventure and too late to back out, so I began to sympathize with Doc and to take things as they came. There was plenty of excitement, too, but not much conversation. We flew along at a whizzing speed and I was just contemplating that the devil would make a peach of a cave man, when he smiled a wicked smile and informed us that we were nearly there, wherever that was.

The next thing I knew, the earth was coming up to meet us, and then we were climbing out on good old terra firma and Meph and Doc and I were headed for a building with about six or eight sides to it. We managed to get through the assembled mob somehow or other, but we caused a great deal of excitement with our airplane and twentieth century costumes.

Folks must have thought we were the advance guard of some freak circus from the way they looked and laughed at us. I didn't pretend to understand it all until the devil began to tell me that this was Doctor Faustus' day for attending the drama, and that each time they went they took a girl named Helen and that this was my turn.

So far, so good. I decided not to miss anything, but to observe and take in the scenery. There were people of every class and description filling the dusty roads in carriages, on horseback, or on foot and they were all going toward a large wooden building that had a crimson flag flying from the very top. Mephistopholis told me that this was an Elizabethan theatre and that today being clear, we could witness a play. By that time we had reached the theatre and I must say it was a curiosity. It was open to the air and had three galleries around the sides where those people sat who could pay the price, and there was standing room in front of the stage for those who couldn't. I guess it must have been the devil's pay day because he rented a whole box for the Doc and me, and in we went.

The people were streaming in, some to sit in the galleries, and some to stand in the pit, and some to the very stage itself which corresponded to our present day bald-headed row. In our box, the Doc was soon dozing while the devil flirted with all the pretty girls, and I kept on storing away information about this antique theatre.

The stage had been built way out into the pit and it was in a kind of a two story effect with curtains hanging around its sides and a sign on one of the posts with some rather crude printing on it that I couldn't even read. It must have been the name of the play. In a few minutes the curtains were pulled aside, and the play had begun, but the audience didn't stop talking and laughing during the whole performance. The comedy wasn't the least bit funny except when one of the "women" in the play lost her wig and disclosed the perfectly bald head of a man. He surely was embarrassed, too. The costumes were rather fantastic, and the stage property was far from modern, but there were chairs and tables, and lounges and even a well, and a throne, in some of the scenes. But after two long hours, it began to grow tiresome, and I was glad to see the end.

The devil wanted to go into town for supper, but old Doctor Faustus had climbed into the airplane and gone fast asleep by now and I wanted to go home, so away we flew, but in a different direction this time. Mr. Satan had begun to talk about himself and the wonderful things he could do, as all men do, sooner or later, when the queerest light appeared in the distance and seemed to draw nearer. I was hoping that it was the moon or a star, but a guilty conscience told me that it was the reflection of the fires of the underworld!

And then the airplane and the devil and the sleepy old Doctor gently faded away while the light grew stronger and I found myself in a chair at home. Supper was ready, too, because I could smell it, and the mysterious light was just the familiar one on our front porch. It was all just a dream, but then some dreams are worth remembering, even if they never come true, aren't they?

—HELEN VERNAY, '23.

SLANG!!

Go ask your English teacher, when you've nothing else to do, just what this word slang means, and she'll probably tell you, too, that it's a corruption of good English, and that every one on earth ought to try to blot it out and then prevent rebirth. But a wise old guy called Crane tells us that they are all wrong. He says they've got it backwards in expressions very strong. He says good English's dried fruit, and it's all gone to seed. He says that slang's the fresh fruit, the very thing we need. He thinks at one time likely, all our good words were slang, but everybody took to 'em, and used 'em too, by jang! And so it happened, just as is customary, these words grew quite respectable, and got into the dictionary! One-time-most-improper words are now used without a quiver. It's correct to say, "We'll motor out" but it's wrong to say "We'll flivver". So if you should ask this old bird, Crane, just what is good language, he'd most likely tell you it's a corruption of good slanguage. And if you should ask ME, and should wish to know my say, I'd tell you that Frank Crane is right, and slang will win the day!

—EDNA LORD, '23.

IF I WERE TEACHING

HOW I COULD IMPROVE UPON METHODS, ETC.

If I were teaching I would try to prove to my own satisfaction that children learn and behave better in a cheerful room.

Children behave when they are in their homes, (?) therefore I'd make my room as home-like as possible. The comfortable reading chairs would be placed so the beautiful standing lamps would give light if the day were dark. These chairs would be so comfortable the pupils could take a nap during class (giving a little rest to the teacher) for often the dear children would rather sleep after a night's dancing than recite. This would also keep the children from being so rude and jumping up, ready to run, at the first sound of the bell—for many would be fast asleep.

In the schools today many children become sneaky, because they wish to eat candy and not be seen. To keep the children from being sneaks, I'd provide eats so that they might partake of them at any time they chose.

Then if they could not recite when called upon I'd say, "That's all right, don't tax your brain, you are young and have a life time to live and learn". In this way I would avoid frightening them, and making such nervous wrecks as sometimes result from school life.

Now music makes a soul, therefore I'd have a good orchestra come and play for them. Of course, if the pupils cared to dance, I realize it is excellent exercise and should not object in the least, it would teach them to look out for themselves—to walk on their own feet, so to speak, and to keep others off.

Lastly, there would be no rule against talking, I'd encourage it, for often there are children who are bashful. They grow up that way because they didn't have a talking chance in school. There are many other improvements I should attempt—

After I'd had my class a month, come see me—A Raving Idiot.

—DEMARIUS MUSSON, '23.

VOCATIONAL AGRICULTURE IN SANFORD HIGH

This department is a new one here, introduced only this year and already it is proving a great success. We have an ideal place for class work in the basement. It is cool and well lighted by several large windows; and is fully equipped for study. Here we have discussed plants, their cultivation and best adaptations for growth, the combating of insects and diseases, the prevention of these and the most modern methods of farming. For such study we have a good sized library of books and bulletins that are especially adapted for Florida conditions.

We have in our laboratory a complete set of carpenter's tools and a roomy work bench, where we make things we need on the farm or in school. At the first of the year we built a tool shed on our laboratory acre. Later on, we made shelves, a tool chest, breeding cages, and flower boxes.

Our laboratory acre is on Celery Avenue, being one corner of Mr. Chase's "Aviation Farm". The class spends one or two double periods every week on the farm planting, cultivating, or experimenting. Already this year we have grown successfully thirty-seven different varieties of vegetables. One-third of the acre is in very good celery and with it we hope to pay all, or at least part of the year's expenses.

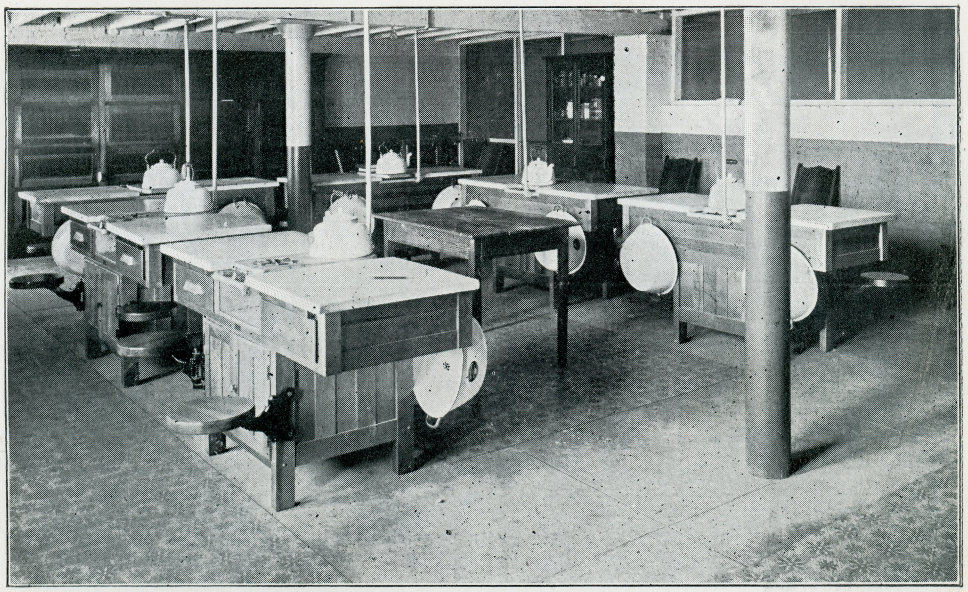
At the Tampa Fair our celery took the first prize and our collection of vegetables took third. We took thirty different varieties of vegetables to the Orlando Fair but as we were delayed in getting them to Orlando all the space in the county booth had been taken so we put them on exhibition in the school booth. Several judges complimented our collection and said they were sorry that this work was not eligible for prizes.

There are twenty boys taking this course and each must have under cultivation, in connection with his class work, one-fourth of an acre. This gives him practical experience and trains him in keeping accounts. Several of the boys have made good money on their "projects", while others have not completed theirs as yet.

Boys taking this course not only learn to plant, cultivate, harvest, grade, and market; but also learn a correct method of keeping farm accounts, one of the most neglected parts of the farmer's work.

—ERIC VEIHLEN, '25.

— SLING UP! —



OUR HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

It has been largely due to the generosity and the thoughtful co-operation of the Welfare Department of the Woman's Club of Sanford, that there has been established in our High School this year, a new department—that of Home Economics. These women have furnished the needed equipment—sewing machines, tables, gas plates and cooking desks, linoleum, and the like—at a cost of approximately one thousand dollars.

To the school board we are indebted for seeing to it that the basement of our building was put in condition for this equipment, and for the employing of a teacher for the work.

The course has been open only to the girls of the Junior and Sophomore classes, the enrollment for the year being twenty-three Juniors, and twenty-three Sophomores.

The Home Economics course includes a four months' course in sewing and a four months' course in cooking and the girls have learned a great deal about these two useful arts. In the sewing classes, they began on their simple white caps and aprons, to be worn later in the cooking classes, and made four or five other articles of clothing, each one more difficult than the one before it. In these lessons they were also taught to make all the different stitches, buttonholes, to embroider, the use of patterns, and many other practical things. They also studied the textile fibers, their growth and manufacture, and learned to distinguish various kinds of cloth.

The cooking desks, with their little gas plates and new utensils, were quite an added attraction to the work in home economics. In the cooking classes the girls began with the breakfast dishes, and then took up those for luncheon. They have learned to prepare in different ways fruit, breads, eggs, cereals, custards, cream soups, salads, scalloped dishes, vegetables, meats, fish, and desserts. The dishes for the formal dinner were not taken up as they are included in the second year's course. These High School cooks also took up the study of the kinds of food, and learned to plan meals of correct proportions of the different foods.

All of the girls have learned so much, and at the same time enjoyed the work so much, that they feel that this year in Home Economics has been a great success, and they realize that the success has been due not only to the women of the Welfare Department of the Club and to the Board, but also to the patience and efforts of their teacher, Miss Mary Zachary.

—GEORGIA MOBLEY, '25.

WE HAVE WON

Old Sanford High School is the best,
It is lots higher than all the rest,
The faculty, the principal, and everyone,
Have worked real hard and we have won.

Now there's the principal, Mr. McKay,
He stays at the school and is never away,
He sees that everything is very well done,
He has worked real hard and we have won.

And there's Mrs. Maxwell, the Latin Queen,
Her face I know everyone has seen,
She teaches Caesar until down goes the sun,
She has worked real hard and we have won.

At the head of the Math there is Miss Gray,
In her class room she has her way,
It seems as though she keeps order with a gun,
But she has worked real hard and we have won.

Miss Zachary shows the girls how to cook,
And she knows how good things ought to look,
She tells them when fine pies are done,
She has worked real hard and we have won.

In the history room there's Mrs. Leonardi,
She grows furious when pupils are tardy,
But she teaches about the battle of "Bull Run,"
She has worked real hard and we have won.

Miss Sara Muriel is in the English class,
Her work is awful hard to pass,
But when in trouble to Miss Sara we run,
And she has worked real hard and we have won.

Miss Gerry Muriel is the Spanish teacher,
Some boys think she's an awful creature,
But she does not mind a little fun,
She has worked hard and we have won.

Now Mrs. McKay handles all the freshies,
And she gets them out of some awful messes,
And to everybody as a friend she'll come,
She, too, has worked and we have won.

Mr. Ralph Cooper is the farmer lad,
He is one man we've never seen mad,
He raises farm products by the ton,
And he's worked real hard and we have won.

—VICTOR McLAULIN, '23.

AUDITORIUM NOTES

"Day by day, in every way," Sanford High School's Chapel Exercises become more interesting. We have indeed been fortunate this year in being given the opportunity of hearing many well-known speakers as well as some beautiful Victrola records.

Among the most noteworthy of our visitors was Senator Fletcher. Another of our speakers was Dr. Van Kirk who gave a very instructive lecture on "Americanism" and presented his original flag design suggested as an international emblem of fellowship. Mr. Bradford, Chautauqua lecturer from Chicago, in his address left with us the encouraging motto, that "Almost right is always wrong." Miss Isabelle Goodhue, gave us a very instructive lecture on birds and entertained us with her imitations of bird songs and calls. Major Wilson, of the State Board of Health, talked to us on the harm done by the mosquito and outlined briefly the campaign against mosquitoes begun by the State Board of Health.

With Dr. Brownlee, Dr. Walker, Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Burhans and Dr. King as regular visitors, the spiritual phase of our education has not been neglected. Dr. Hutchison, Presbyterian medical missionary to China and Mr. McCallie, Presbyterian missionary to Korea, spoke to us on religious subjects and were especially inspiring. Dr. Hutchison related his experiences in the medical line and Mr. McCallie told his thrilling experiences in finding his wife and also recited the Lord's Prayer in the Korean language.

S. H. S. girls were especially interested in the talk and moving pictures on Mothercraft presented to the school by Miss May Bliss Dickinson, internationally famous as an author and speaker in this line of Child Welfare work.

Chapel exercises at Sanford High are no longer characterized by Prof. McKay's "We will now rise and sing one stanza of the School Song," for we are at last at least partially supplied with some new and long-needed song books.

Mr. Lawton, Seminole County Superintendent, is always a welcome visitor when he comes to us at chapel time with his good jokes and stories.

The aesthetic sense of all of us has been developed to the highest degree this year by the use of Victrola selections from Rachmaninoff, Kreisler, Heifetz, Homer, Galli-Curci, Schumann-Heink, Paderewski, Caruso, John McCormack, and other musical artists of the first rank. The music memory contests conducted by Miss Gray have been especially interesting. Much to our surprise some of the boys have proved very proficient in the appreciation and recognition of good music—Sam Fleischer, George Thurston and Walter Barber making 100 per cent in a recently conducted contest.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd entertained us often during the first semester and they, as well as Dr. Walker, have been greatly missed during the last few months. Mr. Woolslagel also delighted us with his songs and sleight of hand tricks.

Lee McLain and Addie Muller, both representatives to the Bacheller Oratorical contest held in Winter Park in February, gave their orations in chapel one morning. Lee spoke on "Florida's Future Among the States," while Addie's subject was "The Evil of Intolerance in America." Both showed thought and were given exceptionally well. The delegation of students who attended this oratorical contest and the other Founder's Week Festivities at Rollins were called upon to give accounts of themselves while they were in Winter Park. Each responded and from all reports they must have had a very enjoyable week-end.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, director and leading lady of the play "Danger" put on by the Kiwanis club for the benefit of the local hospital, entertained us one morning with her negro dialect sketches.

An account of our chapel exercises would hardly be complete without mention of Byron Stephens' occasional remarks and Mr. Cooper's inevitable announcement about athletics.

"Men may come and men may go, but Mr. Cooper goes on forever."

—CHARLOTTE SMITH, '23.

OUR ORCHESTRA

This orchestra has been organized mainly through the efforts of Mrs. McKay and Mrs. Maxwell. Their efforts to raise enough money for the director's fee have been successful and in March rehearsals were started under the leadership of Prof. E. A. Ball. It has been the wish of the entire school to have an orchestra and all have helped in some way or other, either by attending the play given for the benefit of the orchestra or by selling tickets for it. The orchestra was able after two rehearsals to play for the students to march into chapel and to give a selection during chapel. This is an eighteen piece orchestra and is composed of the following:

1st Violin.....Lucile Anderson
1st Violin.....Clinton Rines
2nd Violin.....Russell Mitchell
2nd Violin.....Harold Davis
Mandolin.....Bertha Ferguson
Piano.....George Smith

1st Cornet.....John Schirard
1st Cornet.....Thema Ball
2nd Cornet.....Therma Ball
2nd Cornet.....Naomi Fellows
Baritone.....Helen Witte
Drums.....Ethel Tillis

C Melody Sax.....Chas. Mero
Soprano Sax.....J. W. Barrett
1st Clarinet.....Watson Wallace
1st Clarinet.....Madeline Mallem
2nd Clarinet.....Florence McKay
2nd Clarinet.....Lucile Pope

—THEMA BALL, '24.

SCHOOL

Dramatics have played a large part in the activities of the Sanford High School this year. This has been made possible by the hearty co-operation of the townspeople, who in turn realize they are going to see something worthwhile and full of "pep" whenever S. H. S. stages a play.

"Miss Civilization," written by Richard Harding Davis and produced by special permission of "Collier's Weekly" and the Walter Baker Publishing Co., was given for the benefit of our S. H. S. Orchestra and was a great success. The plot centered around "Miss Civilization" (Florence Henry), who thru her wiles and charming manner is able to keep several famous criminals, "Gentleman Joe" (Ed Moye), "Reddy the Kid" (Byron Stephens), and "Grandstand Harry" (Bill Moye), until they are captured by the "Chief of Police" (Victor McLaulin) and his helpers (Leonard McLucas and Sam Fleischer).

"Joint Owners in Spain," was staged in chapel one morning and was enjoyed by all. The scene was laid in an Old Ladies' Home and the parts were ably taken by Addie Muller, Edna Lord, Lorraine Philips and Ella Mary Muirhead. This play was under the direction of Miss Radford.

One of the most enjoyable of the year was "Teddy" or "The Runaways," given by the Junior Class under the direction of Miss Gerardine Muriel. This play was a particularly humorous one, made so largely by "Texana" (Maude Carraway) with her, "Sweet Mama, Sweet Papa."

THE CAST—

Jean McLean, Miss Fixit	Kitty DuBose
Mrs. Juniper, a young wife	Naomi Scoggan
Victrola, the girl in the taxi	Dorothy Cameron
Texana, the girl of the Golden West	Maude Carraway
Max Juniper, the perplexed husband	James Stone
Alonzo Willing, the Fortune Hunter	Robert Jenkins
Ted Keegan, Just Perfect	Ed Moye
Jim Larrabee, Officer 666	Fred Pope
Deputy Sheriffs	George Thurston and John Lundquist

Miss Gerardine Muriel and her Second Year Spanish Class worked up a little dramatization, to be used along with the song "La Paloma" which, by the way, was sung in Spanish.

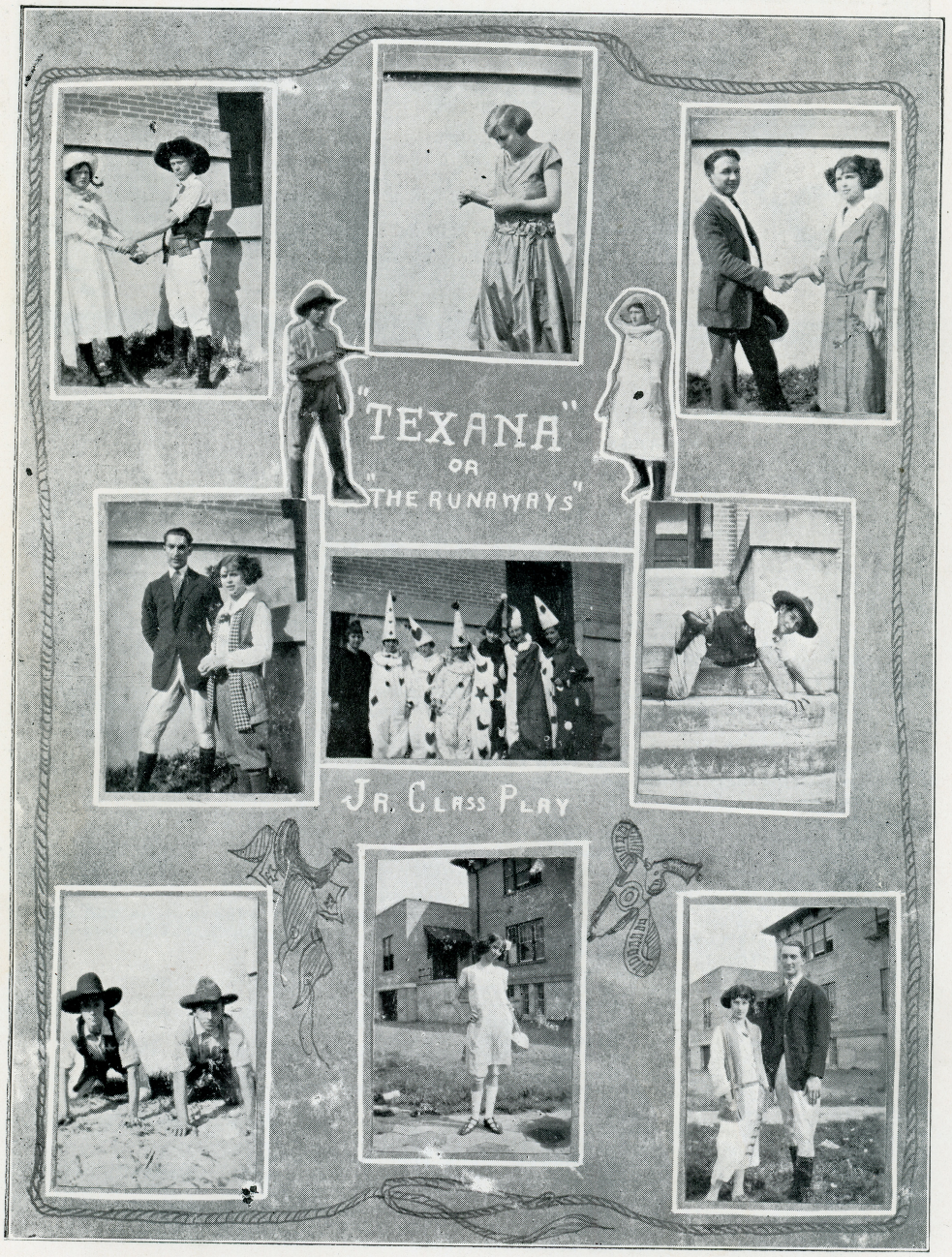
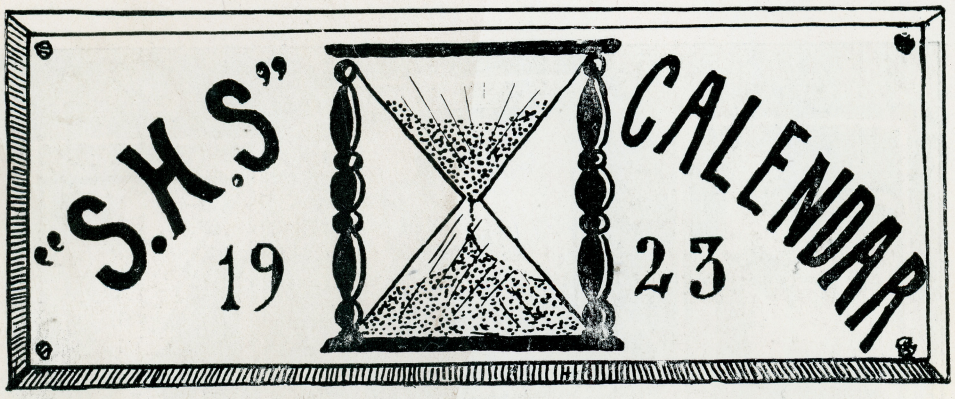
The Sophomores brought the Leesburg H. S. "Black and White Minstrels" to Sanford H. S. one evening. They were a grand success.

The Senior play "The Girl From Upper 7" is well under way with Mrs. Maxwell directing and we know this will be a success.

THE CAST—

Rev. John Black	Robert Williams
Francis Hughes, acting manager of the W. R. & C. R. R.	Meade Baker
Edward Fielding	Ralph Woodruff
Douglas Mason	William Moye
Steve Malone, manager of the Lower 7 Ranch	Victor McLaulin
Ezra Simpson, in Malone's employ	Merton Aycocke
Jonah Hawkins, sheriff of Sedhill County	Troy Ray
Noah Hawkins	Douglas King
Fitzhugh Montgomery Loveland	Byron Stephens
Tom McShane	George Cowan
Rose Hawkins, Jonah's daughter	Mae Holly
Mary Hawkins, Jonah's daughter	Gladyce Wilson
Fawn-No-Fraid	Alice Runyon
Mrs. Susan Brent, Mason's aunt	Nonie Williams
Octavia Brent, her daughter	Elizabeth Flowers
Genevieve Brent, her daughter	Demarius Musson
Flossie Mason	Margaret Berner
Muriel Lee	Sarah Wheeless
Irene Gordon	Josephine Knight
Fleurette, Mrs. Brent's maid	Rhoda Vaughn

MARIE STEMPER, '23.

SCENES



OCTOBER:

2nd—School again!
4th—More than two pupils are not allowed to a desk; a couple have desks to themselves.
6th—Every one has decided to get out of every exam.
22nd—After test, many have changed their minds.
27th—The Celery Feds at football, score 33; Orlando 0.

NOVEMBER:

10th—Every one worrying because we get no Armistice holiday—because it comes on Saturday.
15th—Scotchy leaves town with one dollar and sign "Miami or Bust."
16th—Scotchy arrives and "busts" his dollar buying drinks for our team.
30th—We are all thankful for a holiday.

DECEMBER:

5th —Trey Ray comes to school without any chewing gum.
22nd—Hurrah! We're out for two weeks' vacation.
25th—Santy brings the Seniors their new class rings.

JANUARY:

8th —We're back! Our New Year's resolutions were broken five days ago.
9th —The Freshies are exiled to their new home. We have room enough and to spare.
14th—A Black boy enters school and sits back of two Balls.
16th—Why are the girls in such a hurry to get into study hall? What's his name?
30th—Day very warm—radiators working fine for first time this year.
31st—Exams begin.

FEBRUARY:

10th—Mr. McKay appears with red nose. Bad example!
12th—Prof's nose shows no sign of—being red.
14th—Mr. Bradford said in his speech this morning—"Almost right is always wrong." We are far wrong.
Home made Valentines in Spanish Class, en Espanol.
23rd—Oratorical contest in Winter Park. Lee and Addie represent us and among others have a fine time over the week end, hearing Ed Markham and Irving Bacheller while there.
22nd—Mr. McKay's nose red again!
George Washington had a birthday, we have the afternoon off.
Poor Mr. McKay—Those boils—
27th—Miss Gray plays several Victrola pieces and we write all we know about them on a tiny piece of paper.
Teachers and Seniors go to see "Hamlet' in DeLand.
28th—Several were on time this morning.
29th—Oh, Speed Cop, go slow! You were going too fast to wave at the girls.

MARCH:

3rd —We are kept out of school by the mysterious "Green Doors." They were red last time we saw them.
5th —We break into the movies! Many hope to be stars.
13th—Clarence Fields appears in a becoming spring bonnet, artistically trimmed with red ribbon.
15th—Our twenty piece orchestra plays for us to march into chapel.
20th—Alice Gooding badly frightened by the approach of a garment.
31st—Salmagundi material being collected. The Calendar is cut short.

DEMARIUS MUSSON, '23

— SCHOOL —

SLIM JIM
MAGGIE AND JIGGS
?
HAPPY HOOLIGAN
OUR LITTLE BLACK BOY
POST NO SIGNS
ADDIE
LEE
MIAMI BUST
GIRLS WILL BE BOYS
Scotchy
THE HEAD OF OUR SCHOOL
JERRY
?
S.H.S
JUST GIRLS
TEETHER FELLOW

A FEW WORDS OF APPRECIATION

Advertisers make a successful publication possible. We wish to take this opportunity to express again our appreciation to the Salmagundi advertisers.

Dr. E. D. Mobley has proved his continued interest in us by offering again this year a medal for the highest scholarship average for the year.

During this past year Sanford High School has suffered the loss of one of its most loved friends and actively interested patrons, in the death of Colonel A. M. Thrasher. Colonel Thrasher has for several years given substantial proof of his interest in the High School students of Sanford by giving thirty dollars in gold to the Senior making the highest average. These awards are made at commencement time. Mrs. Thrasher has expressed her intention of continuing this gift and has generously raised the amount to forty dollars.

Among the many organizations of Sanford there is none which has done more to inculcate patriotism among the students of our school that the Daughters of the American Revolution, which is again this year offering a loving cup to the student attaining the highest combined average in American history and civics.

The Sanford Chamber of Commerce has this year given almost six hundred dollars for the boys' athletics. Much of the success of our football team was due to this substantial backing. The Chamber of Commerce also offered a prize of twenty-five dollars to the student of the Junior Class submitting the best paper on the history of Sanford.

To the members of the Rotary Club of Sanford our football boys owe one of the most pleasant occasions of the season, a luncheon at the Valdez Hotel.

Sanford High School is indeed appreciative of the hospitality of Rollins College. As in the past, this year during Founder's Week, Rollins royally entertained our Bacheller oratorical contestants, representatives of our Literary Society and Salmagundi publication, and also several others of our school.

The Senior Class had an unusual pleasure bestowed upon it this year by Stetson University, which gave the entire Senior Class and the faculty complimentary tickets to "Hamlet", the first of a series of plays given under the direction of Mr. Eugene Lewis Miller, noted Shakespearian actor, during the Dramatic Festival held in DeLand under the auspices of Stetson University.

—GAYLE MARSHALL, '23.

MISS SARA E. MURIEL

The Seniors feel that Miss Muriel belongs especially to them. She has inspired and directed the work for Salmagundi, as well as English. In grateful recognition of her friendly co-operation and guidance this page is dedicated to her by—

THE SENIOR CLASS OF '23.

SALMAGUNDI

SANFORD HIGH SCHOOL IS PROUD THAT:

She has a new addition to her High School Building, completely equipped for class rooms and study hall.

She has an eighteen piece orchestra of her own talent.

She had such a splendid exhibit at the Mid-Winter Fair in Orlando.

Of her school garden and the agriculture department, whose exhibit won third place in the Tampa fair.

Of her forty-six new cooks, whose ability to prepare good eats has been well proven.

Her foot-ball team won the Central District championship.

The essays on the Bacheller Oration Contest, or two of her students, Addie Muller and Lee McLain, were among the six best in the state.

Of Charlotte Smith, and Lorraine Phillips, as winners of the Mobley medal.

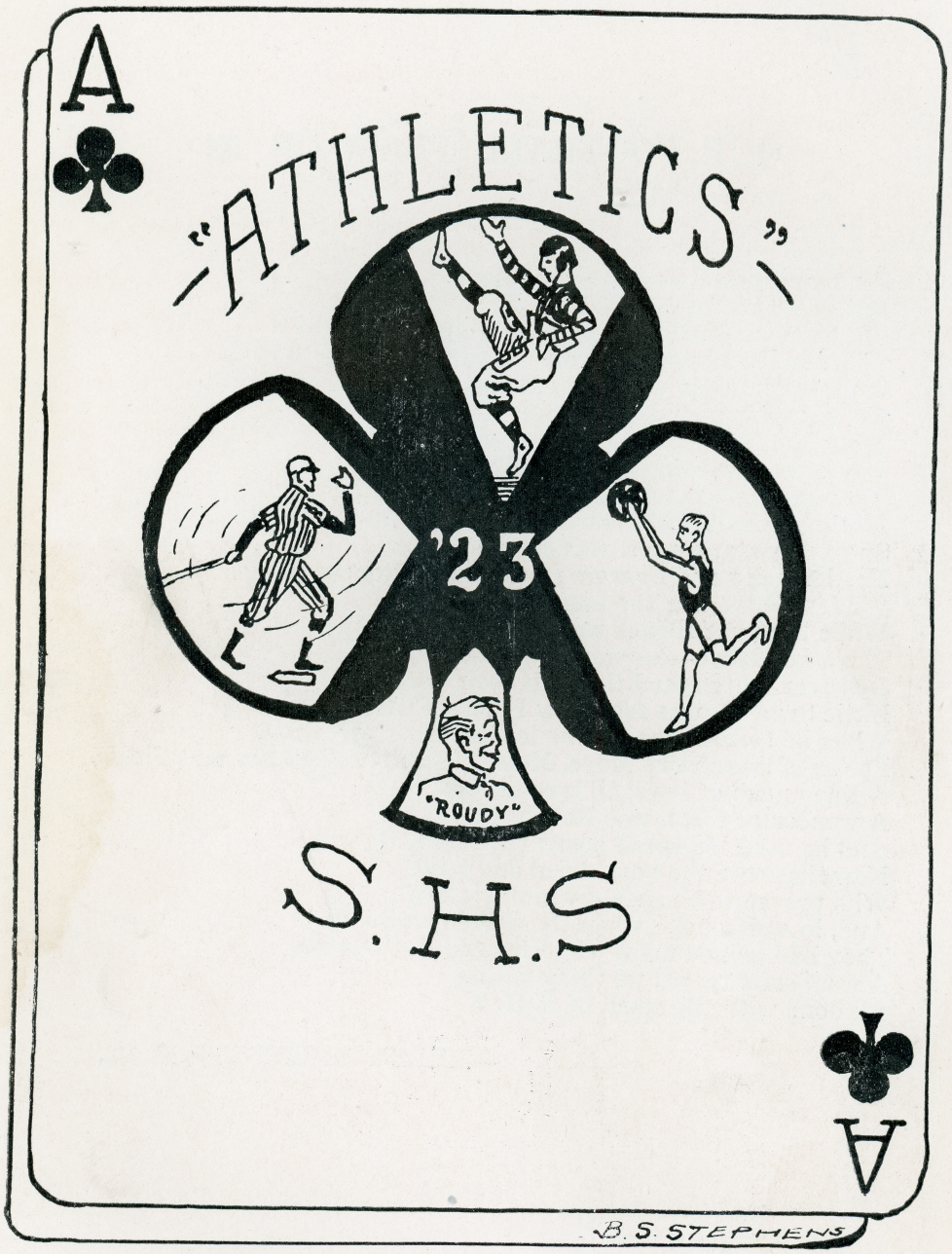
She won the debate, last spring, against the Orlando High School.

The graduating class this year is the largest that the High School has ever known.

Of this Salmagundi, the real honest-to-goodness work of her students; although some of the "poems" may have "more feet in them than the verses are able to bear".

LOOKING BACKWARD TO

WHEN OUR WORLD WAS YOUNG


A
"ATHLETICS"
'23
"ROUDY"
S.H.S
A
B. S. STEPHENS

OUR FOOTBALL TEAM OF '23

For many years we lost every game,
But in '23 we won our fame,
We had a football team that was our boast
That played all comers from coast to coast.
Captain McLucas was never tame—
He brought much glory to our name.
Long Jim Stone held down one wing
While the other was held by Preacher King.
Aycocke played tackle and played it hard
While McLaulin held down a job at guard.
Speck Pope, at center, was always fine,
McAlexander and Flowers finished the Stonewall line.
William Moye was the punter supreme
While Peck at fullback was a dream.
The other Moye—his name is Ed—
Just seemed to stand them on their head.
Little Swinney was fast, now I mean FLEET—
When he carried the ball he looked like a streak—
For subs there were Moye, Meisch, Gunter, Fleischer and Fields,
A fine bunch of boys, all true as steel.
A wonderful coach was Rowdy Bill.
And he used his speed board with no little will.
Now these are the boys, tried and true,
Who proved to be such a winning crew.
And, lo and behold, when the season was done
They had gained many victories and lost but one,
A wonderful record we think is this
All done with the spirit of S. H. S.

—MELBA REIZENSTEIN, '23.

— SEMINOLE —

Sanford High had a "sure nuff" football team this year. In fact it was so good that it won the Central Florida Championship. Though not a heavy team (the average weight was a fraction over one hundred and forty-nine pounds), we had a fast and well trained one (due to coach's speed board).

During the early part of the season we defeated Ocala and DeLand and won recognition as being one of the most promising teams in the state. Later in the season we defeated Orlando, Daytona, and Kissimmee, and eliminated the remaining contenders for the championship of our district.

In the latter part of the season we went on a rampage down the East Coast—out of our district—and defeated West Palm Beach. The next day, instead of romping as had been our custom, we were romped upon by Miami. This was the only defeat of the season.

We ended the season by defeating Fort Meade and Daytona, making a total of nine victories, with only one defeat, and scoring a total of 287 points to our opponents 64.

SCHEDULE

Sanford High		Place of Game	Opponents	
S. H. S.	18	Sanford	Ocala	12
S. H. S.	12	DeLand	DeLand	6
S. H. S.	18	Sanford	Kissimmee	0
S. H. S.	33	Sanford	Orlando	0
S. H. S.	6	Orlando	Orlando	0
S. H. S.	69	Sanford	Daytona	0
S. H. S.	13	West Palm Beach	West Palm Beach	6
S. H. S.	13	Miami	Miami	40
S. H. S.	13	Sanford	Fort Meade	0
S. H. S.	92	Daytona	Daytona	0

— SALMAGUNDI —

S. A. B. WILKINSON
Athletic Coach

Sanford High School was extremely fortunate this year in securing the services of S. A. B. ("Rowdy Bill") Wilkinson as Athletic Coach. "Rowdy Bill," who is a graduate of the University of Florida, is probably the best all-round athlete that Florida has ever produced. It is needless to repeat the wonderful record that he made in college, but in passing we will say that he made every athletic team there and was captain of the track and football teams.

Dr. Murphree, President of the University of Florida, said in speaking of Wilkinson: "Sanford High is lucky in having Wilkinson as Coach. He is one of the best coaches in the state. He has the two necessary qualities of a good coach, first—a thorough knowledge of athletics and second—plenty of pep."

Coach has proven this statement by developing a football team that lost only one game and a basketball team that defeated Duval. His prospects for baseball are also very bright.

R. F. COOPER
Athletic Director

By his sacrificial spirit and his untiring efforts for the team "Cooper" has won a place of respect and honor in the hearts of all the boys.

W. D. GARDNER

The football squad wish to take this space to express their appreciation to "Doc Gardner" for his unselfish services and his interest in the team.

CAPTAIN McLUCAS
"Mac"—Quarter-back

Height 5 feet 8 inches; weight 125.

Mac showed remarkable ability at running the team. He is one of the most skillful high school quarter-backs in the state. He kept a cool head at all times and was a sure and hard tackler. We will certainly miss Mac next year.

— SECOND —

B. MOYE
"Bill"—Half-back

Height 6 feet; weight 160.
Bill was one of the bright spots of the team. His wonderful broken field running and his ability at breaking up forward passes made him one of the best half-backs in the state. He was also good at punting. His place will be hard to fill next year.

SWINNEY
"Swinney"—Half-back

Height 5 feet 5 1-8 inches; weight 130.
Swinney was the speed-king of the outfit. His specialty was long end runs and at this he scarcely ever failed to make a gain. His work at returning punts was also commendable. We will miss Swinney next year as he is a Senior.

PECK
"Hunny"—Half-back

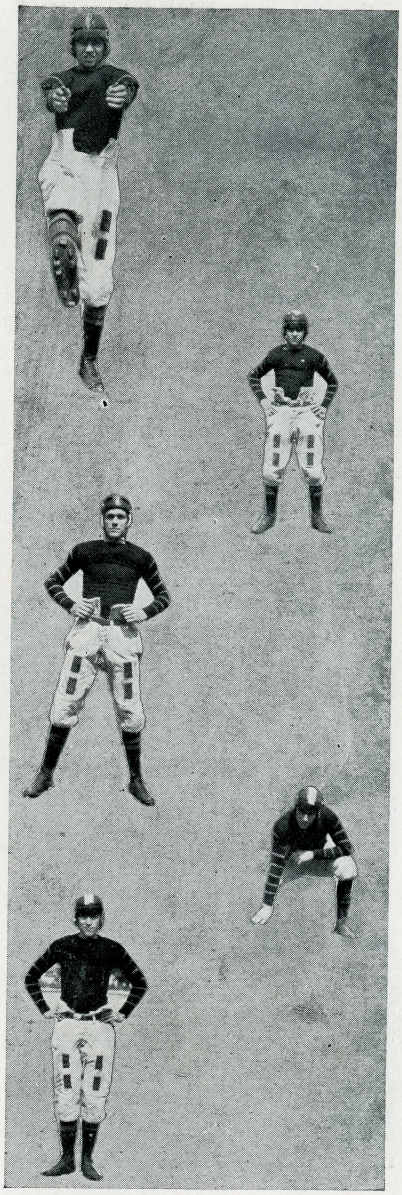
Height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 152.
Lee was a consistent player and is one of the best line plungers Sanford High has produced. He was also good at completing forward passes. He will be with us next year.

E. MOYE
"Ed"—Full-back

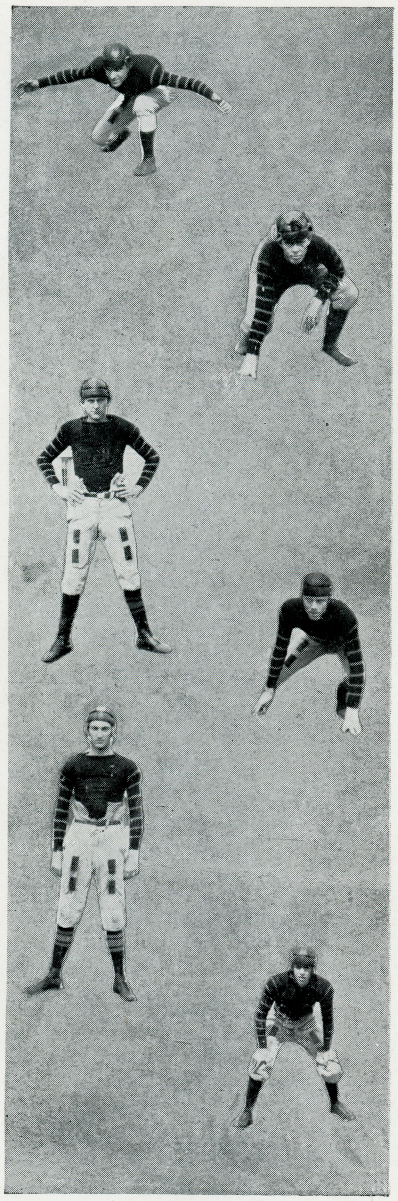
Height 5 feet 10½ inches; weight 165.
Ed, the plunging full-back was always on the job and could be depended on for a gain. He was especially good on the defensive and on the offensive could tear a hole in any line.

POPE
"Smoky"—Center

Height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 135.
Though not a giant in size "Smoky" could handle "any of 'em." He was one of the hardest scrappers on the team and was always in the thickest of the fight. He has one more year to play and will be a great help to the team next season.



— SEMINOLE —



McLAULIN
"Vic"—Guard

Height 6 feet 2 inches; weight 167.

Vic, the big raw bony guard, contributed much to the success of the team. He was always fighting and it was hard for the opposing team to make a gain over his side of the line. By his graduation Sanford High loses one of her best men.

FLOWERS
"Spitfire"—Guard

Height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 160.

Spitfire was a hard and aggressive fighter and one of the most reliable men on the team. He never failed to make an opening when called upon. He has two more years to play.

McALEXANDER
"Big Feet"—Guard

Height 6 feet 2 inches; weight 187.

Gale was a "Holy Terror" to an opposing linesman and was sure death to off-tackle plays. He is one of the best high school linesmen in the state and was mentioned for the all-state team.

AYCOCKE
"Merton"—Tackle

Height 5 feet 11 inches; weight 158.

Merton was right there when it came to smashing off-tackle plays and could always be depended upon to make an opening in the opposing line. He was a sturdy and dependable player and his place will be hard to fill next season.

STONE
"Brick"—End

Height 6 feet 2 inches; weight 160.

Brick was one of the cleanest and most aggressive ends in the state. His skill at snatching forward passes from the air and his seeming uncanny ability at sizing up plays and smashing the interference won for him mention on the all-state team. He will be with us next year.

DuBOSE
"Ham"—End

Height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 138.

"Ham" played a good game against Ocala but had the misfortune of getting his jaw broken soon afterwards in practice. This kept him out of the game for the rest of the season. Here's wishing you better luck next year.

— SCRUBS —

KING
"Preacher"—End

Height 5 feet 9½ inches; weight 125.
His record of sifting the interference and getting the man with the ball and his aggressiveness won for him the position of end on the team.

FIELDS
"Clarence"—Quarter-back

Height 5 feet 8 inches; weight 140.

FLEISCHER
"Lazy-Boy"—Half-back

Height 5 feet 8 inches; weight 150.

GUNTER
"Alton"—Half-back

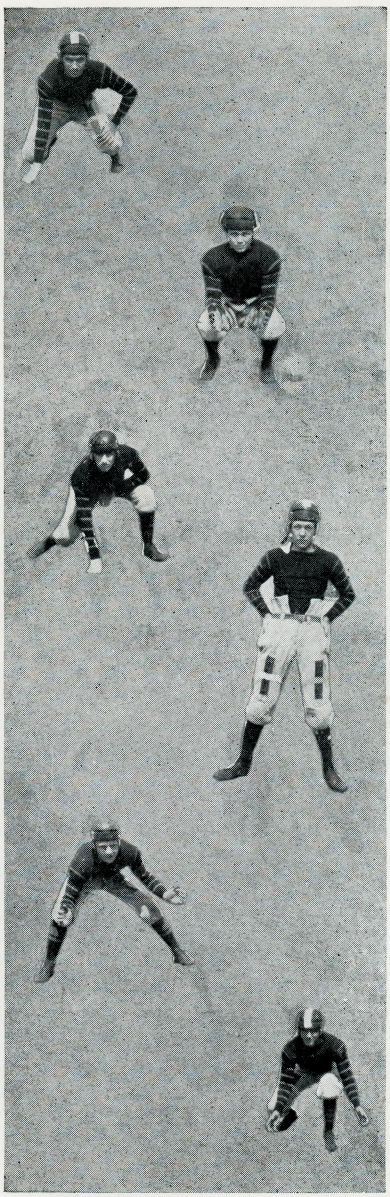
Height 5 feet 8 inches; weight 130.

M. MOYE
"Mutt"—Guard

Height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 148.

COWAN
"Dukie"—Tackle

Height 5 feet 9½ inches; weight 150.



BASKET BALL

Sanford High carried her winning streak from football into basket ball. We opened the season by taking on the Rollins Phillies, whom we defeated easily. Next we journeyed to Daytona and took them into camp. Then came the fast five from Seabreeze who "breezed" us along pretty fast for a while, but their breeze played out and we added them to our string of victims. Orlando was the next victim.

Up to this time we had a pretty good opinion of ourselves so we next attacked the Duval Tigers, who gave us our first defeat. But the Tigers did not completely devour us and we came back and defeated the Stetson "Y" the following week. Next we went to Orlando and received our second defeat of the season.

Then came the return game with Duval, and the Parish House packed to its capacity, saw the Celery Feds triumph over Duval in the fastest game ever played on a local court. We then defeated New Smyrna, Eustis, and Seabreeze in successive games.

Again our winning streak broke and we were defeated by Seabreeze and Eustis.

As the time for the basket ball tournament was approaching we found by looking over the records, that there remained a tie between Sanford and Seabreeze and also one between Sanford and Orlando. We met Seabreeze on neutral territory and defeated her team 34 to 18, but alas! Orlando defeated us and kept us out of the tournament.

Thus the season ended, with Sanford High winning a total of eight High School games and three outside ones and losing only five High School games and scoring a total of 406 points to our opponents 316, or a grand total of 566 points to our opponents 360 in all games played.

—D. K., '23.

BOYS' BASKET BALL SCHEDULE

Sanford High		Place of Game	Oponent	
S. H. S.	36	Sanford	Rollins Phillies	28
S. H. S.	45	Daytona	Daytona	14
S. H. S.	38	Sanford	Seabreeze	28
S. H. S.	77	Sanford	Masked Wonders	19
S. H. S.	38	Sanford	Orlando	20
S. H. S.	16	Jacksonville	Duval	52
S. H. S.	47	Sanford	Stetson "Y"	15
S. H. S.	18	Orlando	Orlando	30
S. H. S.	25	Sanford	Duval	20
S. H. S.	71	Sanford	New Smyrna	6
S. H. S.	41	Sanford	Eustis	32
S. H. S.	28	Sanford	Daytona	14
S. H. S.	10	Seabreeze	Seabreeze	22
S. H. S.	23	Eustis	Eustis	26
S. H. S.	34	DeLand	Seabreeze	18
S. H. S.	19	Winter Park	Orlando	36
S. H. S. Total	566		Opponents Total	380

SHS
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Although our Girls' Basket Ball team was defeated in the majority o games scheduled this season, we do not feel that this year's work has been all in vain, for we have gained in experience and we know that next season is bound to be a successful one.

The team was very fortunate in securing Miss Coralie Tillis as coach, and it has been due almost entirely to her ability and encouragement that the girls have made the splendid showing they have.

From the first practice of the season basket ball started off with enthusiasm, there being twenty-five girls out at that time. Maude Carraway was elected captain and Sarah Wheeless, manager.

The girls making the first team were: Doris "Bill" Hand, Lucile Echols, centers; Mildred Holly, Emma Spencer, forwards; Maude Carraway and Jean Maxwell, guards. After a few games Edna Stiles took Bill Hand's place in center as Bill was unable to play in the remaining games of the season. The subs for this year were Olive Newman and Dorothy Cameron.

—G. W., '23.

Sanford High's prospects for baseball are very bright this year. Daily practice is being held, and Coach Wilkinson is developing some good material and has every reason to believe that Sanford will represent this district in the High School tournament to be held at Rollins.

Games have been scheduled with several high schools and we are expecting a good season.

At present it seems that M. Moye and Baker will do the mound work with McLucas and E. Moye doing the receiving. The infield will probably be composed of McLaughlin, Peck, Fields and Thurston. B. Moye, Tyler and Stephens will handle the outfield.

—D. K., '23.

SANFORD VS. EUSTIS

(A one act play by Margaret Wight and Dorothy Mero)

CHARACTERS

Leonard McLucas	Victor McLaulin
Bill Moye	Coach Wilkinson
George Smith	Time Keeper
George Cowan	5 Eustis players
Lee Peck	2 Spectators

Scene—Basket ball court at Parish House. Game is staged between Sanford and Eustis. At left and right are baskets. In center of back is window in which spectators are seated. Boys are practicing on court. Coach walks by window.

First Spectator—Coach, who's gonna win? (Laughs).

Coach—Who do you s'pose?

Second Spectator—Eustis?

Coach—Coach, Well, if our boys chew their gum hard enough we ought to win.

First Spectator—Who's gonna re'eree?

Coach—I guess I'll referee the first half and that "Blockhead" from Eustis the second.

Bill (Passing by window)—Coach, gimme some gum (Coach hands him piece. Bill walks on).

First Spectator—Oh, Coach, give me a piece.

Coach—Haven't any more, 'cept this I have in my mouth. Want half o' that?

Leonard (From across court)—Coach! What did the rabbit say?

Coach—Let's go! (Blows whistle. All boys take positions on court).

Victor (Yelling)—Now, listen, everybody! Signals!—One hundred and—two—(Whistle blows and game begins).

First Spectator—Aw, look! Eustis shot a goal.

Second Spectator—We should worry, just wait 'till our boys get warmed up. See, I told you. It's 2 to 2.

First Spectator—Oh, look, did you see that Eustis fellow hit Bill?

Second Spectator—No, but I bet Bill hits him back. I knew it. I bet you could hear that slap all over the house. Look, they are about to fight!

Coach—Here, none of that. Now wait until after the game if you want to fight.

Victor—Bill, don't fight. Come on and play.

Bill—He had no business hitting me.

Victor—I know—but we want to play now.

Bill—All right. (To Eustis player) You better not hit me again or you'll get hurt. (Starts playing again. Leonard shoots one of his pretty goals from center field. Fifteen rah's for Mc.)

First Spectator—Wasn't that a pretty shot Mc made?

Second Spectator—I should say so, but he shoots 'em all pretty. (Whistle blows).

Time Keeper—Time out.

First Spectator—Goodness, end of first half and we're just four points ahead.

Second Spectator—Well, one point will give us the game.

Coach (Coming up)—Yes, but one point won't give it to us tonight, because we're going to beat them at least ten points. You just wait and see. Bill, you and Leonard come here.

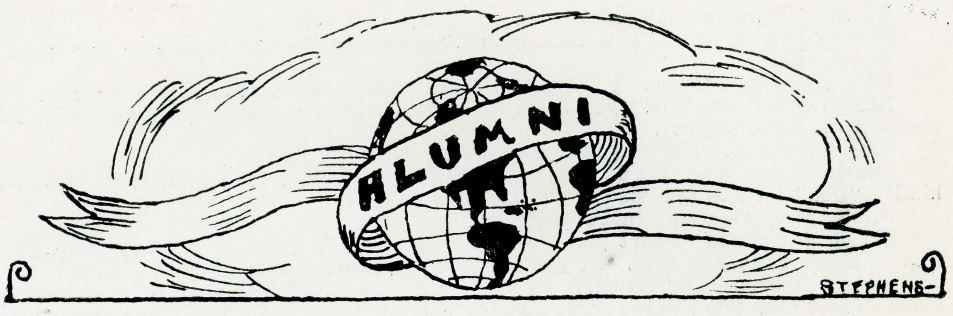
Leonard (Coming up)—What do you want?

Coach—You all watch that center. He's shot every goal but three.

Leonard—That's Vic's job.

Coach—I know it, but I told you to watch him, too, didn't I?
Bill—All right, just as you say. Is that Eustis fellow going to referee this half?
Coach—Yes!
First Spectator—I see. I know they'll try to steal more time than ever now.
Second Spectator—Don't you think it. We still have a coach. (Whistle blows for second half, game begins).
First Spectator—This is sure a close game, isn't it, Coach?
Coach—Yea, but it won't be long.(Voices heard yelling "Hit him, Mc"! "Smash him!" "Don't let him tea hound you"!)
First Spectator—Gee, what's going on?
Second Spectator—Didn't you see that fellow try to choke Mc? And Mc pushed him up against the goal post. He has the whole print of it on his face.
Second Spectator—Serves him right. Look, he's hit Mc again! (Voices yelling, "He's bigger than you are but show him you can beat him!" Mc hits him in the eye).
Victor (Pulling Mc away)—Don't fight him Mc—come on and play.(Start playing again.)
First Spectator—Look, George Cowan is knocked out!
Leonard—Coach, get some one else, he's out.
Coach (Yells)—Peck!
Lee—Coming! (Game begins again. Coach walks back to window.)
Second Spectator—What happened to him, Coach?
Coach—Oh, a black eye and broken nose, a bump on the head.
Second Spectator—Well, that's enough.
Coach—He's not hurt much. (Yells heard).
First Spectator—Wasn't that a pretty one Smittie made?
Second Spectator—You tell 'um, but it didn't count, the whistle had already blown. Look at that Eustis fellow shoot. (Whistle blows.)
Time Keeper—Time out.
Second Spectator—Great goodness, the end of the third quarter and they're one ahead.
Second Spectator—Lee's playing grand, isn't he, coach?
Coach—Yes, he's one of my best players.
First Spectator—He's the original hot stuff.
Coach—Leonard, you guard that center and let Victor shoot goals.
Leonard—Just as you say. (To spectators) Hey, hold my sweater. (Whistle blows for last quarter.)
Bill—Coach, watch that referee, will you?
Coach—You go on and shut up, that's MY business. (Game begins.)
First Spectator—My goodness, why don't they ring a goal?
Second Spectator—There, goody. Victor rang one! He's ringing most all of 'em tonight.
Coach—Oh, we'll win all right.
First Spectator—Look there's 'bout to be another fight!
Eustis Player—Turn that ball loose, idiot!
Lee—What did you call me?
Eustis Player—Oh, nothing.
Coach—All you boys do is fight. Go on and play right.
First Spectator—Look! A Eustis player is knocked out! (To Mc, who is standing near window) What hapened, Mc?
Leonard—Oh, somebody kicked him and paralyzed him, that's all.
Bill—It's his own fault. That's the third time he's been hurt. We told him to get out before but I guess he'll STAY out now!
Eustis Fellow—Shut up! Nobody asked for your information.
Bill—You better hush up or we may finish our fight yet. (Eustis puts in a sub. Game begins again.)
First Spectator (To time keeper)—How much longer?
Time Keeper—Thirty seconds!
First Spectator—Great goodness, shoot that goal, Bill. Make it 41. Good! I knew you could (Whistles blows for end of game. Everybody cheers).
Second Spectator—Hurrah, we win by a 41 to 32 score. Here's your sweater, Mc. You played fine!

— SALMAGUNDI —



Name	Occupation	Residence
	1907	
Mable Bowler	Employe A. C. L.	Sanford
Alberta Hill	Mrs. Howard	Ohio
Peachea Leffler	Mrs. M. S. Wiggins	Sanford
Clara Millen	Prin. of Grammar School	Sanford
	1908	
Flossie Frank	Mrs. Lazarus	New York
Gladys Gardner	Mrs. Burkhalter	Rome, Ga.
	1909	
Ruth Abbot	Mrs. Cecil Butt	Orlando
Claude Coffee	Surveyor	Oviedo
Mae Hamilton	No information	
Ed Lane	Real Estate	Sanford
Henry Peabody	Abstract Business	Miami
Alice Robbins	Mrs. W. L. Harvey	Sanford
Ralph Stevens	Dr. R. E. Stephens	Sanford
Stanley Wood	Surveyor	Colorado
	1910	
Eva Frenger	No information	Orlando
Annie Higgins	Mrs. Harry D'ckson	
Myrtle Nipe	No information	Sanford
Eugene Roumillat	Druggist	Philadelphia
Edith Stewart	Trained Nurse	
	1911	
Ernest Betts	Farmer	Sanford
Harry Carlson	Aviator	
Mary Chappell	Mrs. Wm. Coulborn	North Carolina
Mable Cowan	Mrs. R. B. Monroe	Sanford
Martha Fox	At Home	Sanford
Ernest Householder	County Judge	Sanford
Abbie Kanner	Lawyer	Jacksonville
Carrie Lovell	Mrs. D. C. Marlow	Sanford
Vail Lovell	Consulting Engineer	New York
Ruth Mettinger	Nurse	Jacksonville
Eugenia Pope	Stenographer	Jacksonville
Willie Singletery	Mrs. Mims	Mimms, Fla.
Gussie Tillis	Mrs. Roy Maxwell	Alexandria, Va.
Sadie Williams	Deceased	
	1912	
Agnes Berner	Note Teller (Bank)	Sanford
Ruby Betts	Mrs. Rob Roe	Jacksonville
Mildred Haskins	Mrs. J. D. Ferris	Jacksonville
Lillian Higgins	Mrs. Ralph Wight	Sanford
Hoskins Jones	Stenographer	Sanford
Clarence Mahoney	Bookkeeper	Sanford
Roy Maxwell	Machinist	Alexandria, Va.
Robert McKim	Mgr. Dept. Store	San Francisco, Cal.
Elizabeth Musson	Bookkeeper	Sanford
Bertha Packard	Deceased	
Ruth Stewart	Mrs. Forrest Gatchel	Sanford
Josie Stewman	Mrs. Gywne Fox	Sanford

— SECOND —

Name	Occupation	Residence
	1913	
Wallace Crosby	Electrical Engineer	New York
Margaret Davis	Mrs. Craig Harris	Sanford
Tenney Deane	Theological Seminary	Louisville, Ky.
Selma Ericson	Mrs. John Baker	Sanford
Albine Frank	Mrs. John Wade	Charlotte, N. C.
Grace Iserman	Mrs. Hencher	
Harry Kanner	Physician	California
Alma Pagenhart	Mrs. S. S. Telford	Sanford
Berte Pattishall	Lawyer	Orlando
Eleanor Roberts	Mrs. Ernest Gormely	Sanford
	1914	
Evelyn Berner	Mrs. J. E. Wathen	Sanford
Nina Mae Brown	Mrs. E. E. Adkins	Sanford
Winnie Brown	Mrs. Carl Bradbury	Sanford
Lucca Chappel	Mrs. Vail Lovell	New York
John Coates	Photographer	Tampa
Alice Coffee	No information	Miami
Linda Connelly	Mrs. Tom Getson	Lakeland
Mary E. Gatchel	Deceased	
Howard Gilbert	No information	
Clara Goertz	F. S. C. W.	Tallahassee
Adelaide Higgins	Mrs. Lucas McLeod	Dade City
George McLaughlin	Wight Auto Co.	Orlando
Ethel May Moughton	Teaching	Sanford
Renie Murrell	Mrs. Wm. Leffler	Sanford
Marion Packard	Stenographer	Detroit, Mich.
Viola Padgett	Nurse	DeLand
Earl Paxton	Electric Company	Schenectady, N. Y.
Helen Rowland	Mrs. Umback	Orlando
Katherine Waldron	Mrs. J. L. Boynton	Gibsonville, N. C.
Claire Walker	Mrs. Beecher Kent	Winter Park
B. F. Whitner, Jr.	Farming	Sanford
	1915	
Daisy Betts	Mrs. Vivian Speer	Sanford
Stella Brown	Mrs. Masters	Miami
Maud Cameron	Stenographer	Tampa
Robert Deane	Asst. Cashier (Sem. Bank)	Sanford
Mildred Dickson	Bookkeeper	Orlando
Albert Frye	Electrician	No information
Gladys Greene	Mrs. J. Mathews	Leesburg
Muriel Harold	Mrs. Emmet Hunt	Sanford
Ethel Hickson	Mrs. Fred Strange	Sanford
May Holland	No information	
Nellie Lough	At Home	California
Zoe Munson	Stenographer	Sanford
Hazel Packard	Mrs. Routh	Sanford
Sherman Routh	Baker	Sanford
Ernest Shepherd	Dentist	Spartanburg, S. C.
Vivian Speer	Merchant	Sanford
Annie Whitner	Mrs. J. C. Hutchinson	Sanford
	1916	
Agnes Anderson	Clerk	Sanford
Allie Anderson	Mrs. Andrew Meyers	Sanford
Frances Aspinwall	Mrs. Seth Woodruff	Sanford
Oscar Brown	Teaching	Kansas
Susie Brown	Mrs. Martin McDaniel	Bunnell, Fla.
Alma Goertz	Stenographer	Sanford
Jessie Graves	At Home	Sanford
Joseph Laing	Deceased	
Frances Leavitt	Mrs. Hayman	Sanford
Ruth McDaniel	Mrs. Bryan Sturman	Sanford
Anna McLaughlin	Mrs. Scott	New York
Gladys Morris	Teaching	Leesburg
John Murrell	Lawyer	Miami
Hume Rumph	Banking	Miami
Etta West	No information	
Esther Woodburn	Mrs. Harris	Leesburg

— SEMINOLE —

Name	Occupation	Residence
	1917	
Katherine Aycocke	Mrs. R. F. Wilson	Orlando
Marion Gove	Mrs. John Meyers	Kissimmee
Arthur Greene	Salesman	Sanford
Ruth Hand	At Home	Sanford
Ruth Kanner	Teaching	Sanford
Roby Laing	Asst. Mgr. Fruit Growers	Sanford
Fannie Reba Munson	Bookkeeper	Sanford
Oliver Murrell	Lawyer	Umatilla, Fla.
Lillian Rhodes	Gov't Employee	Washington, D. C.
Lucile Rines	Mrs. Sanford Doudney	Sanford
Wm. Runge	Clerk (A. C. L.)	Sanford
Ruth Steinmeyer	At Home	Jacksonville
	1918	
Edna Chittenden	Teaching	Sanford
Zeta Davison	Missionary	Hartford, Tenn.
Jack Leach	Machinst	Jacksonville
Ercel Little	Rollins College	Winter Park
Watson McAlexander	Salesman	Sanford
Rosamond Radford	Bessie Tift	Rome, Ga.
Ruth Roberts	Mrs. M. Spencer	Sanford
Ciifford Walker	Farming	Sanford
Fern Ward	At Home	Sanford
Alice Vaughn	Mrs. W. Ward	Sanford
	1919	
Alice Andes	Deceased	
Max Bradbury	Banking	Sanford
Claire Cameron	Mrs. M. Hanson	Orlando
Frank Chappell	Sutherland College	Lakeland
Agnes Dumas	Mrs. Raymond Phillips	Sanford
Helen Hand	Mrs. Carl Shultz	Sanford
Lela Hutchinson	Mrs. H. B. Nobles	West Palm Beach
Le Clerq Irwin	Battery Service	Ocala
Israel Kanner	Georgia Tech	Atlanta
Nellie Long	Mrs. G. Hunter	Sanford
Eula Mickey	Mrs. McClelland	Sanford
Helen Peck	Mrs. Donald Whitcomb	Sanford
Mary Robinson	Teaching	Sanford
Dorothy Rumph	F. S. C. W.	Tallahassee
Adele Runge	Mrs. G. A. Purdon	St. Augustine
Theodore Runge	Bookkeeper	Sanford
Lillian Schwartz	F. S. C. W.	Tallahassee
Helen Shelton	Mrs. R. Roumillat	Jacksonville
Izetta Stone	Mrs. R. Cobb	Sanford
Layfayette Tillis	Chief-clerk A. C. L.	Sanford
May Thrasher	Mrs. J. D. Woodruff	Sanford
Edna Williams	Mrs. Butler	Miami
	1920	
Gladys Adams	Sutherland College	Lakeland
Alberta Aycocke	Cashier (Bower's)	Sanford
Perrie Lee Bell	Queens College	Charlotte, N. C.
Ellen Chappell	Sutherland College	Lakeland
Virginia DeCoursey	At Home	Sanford
Gussie Frank	At Home	Sanford
Rose Gallagher	Clerk	Sanford
Ruth Gillon	Teaching	Sanford
Ethel Henry	F. S. C. W.	Tallahassee
Eleanor Herring	Insti. of Musical Art N. Y.	New York
Glen Lingle	At Home	Sanford
Anna Mason	Teaching Music	Sanford
Reuben Mason	University of Florida	Gainesville
William McKim	Clerk-Operator, A. C. L.	Sanford
Henry McLaulin	Optician	Sanford
Sherman Moore	Farming	Sanford
Adele Rines	At Home	Sanford
Leslie Roller	Foreman of Road Const.	Winter Park

Name	Occupation	Residence
Fordyce Russell	Farming	Sanford
Carolyn Spencer	Teaching	Sanford
Herbert Squires	Emory College	Atlanta, Ga.
Winnie Strong	Teaching	Hastings
Helen Terwilliger	Teaching	Sanford
Coralie Tillis	Teaching	Sanford
Glen Whitcomb	Clerk	Sanford
Julia Zachary	F. S. C. W.	Tallahassee

1921

Curtis Barber	University of Florida	Gainesville
Kathleen Brady	Teaching	Sanford
Helen Chorpening	Stenographer	Sanford
Otis Cobb	University of Florida	Gainesville
Walter Connelly	Real Estate	Sanford
Vivian Crosby	At Home	Sanford
Marian Dieterich	Hospital Training	Philadelphia
Anna Belle Dyson	At Home	Sanford
Mary Eula Dyson	Teaching	Port Tampa
Sara Warren Easterby	Stetson University	DeLand
Mary Garrison	Stenographer	Charlotte, N. C
Martha Garrison	Dressmaker	Charlotte, N. C
Ruby Hart	Mrs. Herman Middtleton	Sanford
Charles Henderson	Stetson University	DeLand
Mary Elizabeth Hoolehan	At Home	Sanford
Mina Howard	Queens College	Charlotte, N. C.
Mildred Kenendy	Mrs. Crew	Sorrento, Fla.
Julia Laing	Bookkeeper	Sanford
Newton Lovell	Clerk, A. C. L.	Newberry, Fla.
John Musson	Architect	Sanford
Rowena Ottwell	Music Teacher	Villa Rica, Ga.
Velma Venable	Mrs. Joe Niblack	Sanford.

1922

Mary Belle Allen	Mrs. Cole	Palatka
Harold Christensen	Business College	Minneapolis, Minn.
Anna DuBose	F. S. C. W.	Tallahassee
Frances Dutton	At Home	Sanford
Margaret Ericson	Clerk (Western Union)	Sanford
Wm. A. Fitts	Call Boy, A. C. L.	Sanford
Marion Hand	At Home	Sanford
Edward Henderson	Stetson University	DeLand
Florence Henry	At Home	Sanford
Esther Hughey	At Home	Sanford
Margaret Gallagher	Hospital Training	Philadelphia
Alma Lohnes	At Home	Sanford
Fay Lossing	University of Florida	Gainesville
Pattye Lyles	Teaching	Paola, Fla
Willard Lumley	Printer	Sanford
William Mallem	At Home	Sanford
Nellie Messenger	Stenographer	Sanford
Dorothea Mickey	Clerk	Sanford
Lila Murrell	F. S. C. W.	Tallahassee
Arthur Moore	Farming	Sanford
Virginia Neely	Hospital Training	Philadelphia
Florence Price	At Home	Lake Monroe
Frederick Rines	Clerk	Sanford
Cora Rutherford	At Home	Orlando
Lyle Tapp	Employee, A. C. L.	Sanford
Robert Thrasher	Farming	Sanford
Lillian Shinholser	Business College	Macon, Ga.
Bertram Shepherd	Dental College	Atlanta, Ga.
Carrie Stanley	Hospital Training	Philadelphia
Zillah Welsh	At Home	Sanford
Margaret Zachary	Sullins College	Bristol, Va.

DO YOU KNOW THEM?
"HIS MAJESTY"
BYRON STEPHENS

SALMAGUNDI

Vanity Fair—LeClaire Jones.
Eyes of the World—Mr. McKay.
Kindred of the Dust—All of us.
Come Out of the Kitchen—Miss Zachary.
The Slim Princess—Viola Booth.
The Valley of Silent Men—Freshman room.
Freckles—"Speck" Pope.
King Arthur and His Knights—Mr. Cooper and his Agriculture Class.
The Fugitive Freshman—The Freshie picked out for the belt line.
Inferno—Study Hall.

* * *

Byron—I have a friend who gives you a cold and clammy handshake and it sure is disagreeable.

Mrs. Leonardi—Why don't you take him aside and tell him about it then?

Byron—Gosh, it ain't no HE!

Fred T. Williams

CIVIL ENGINEER

COURT HOUSE

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Woodcock & Rigney

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VANITY CASES, ETC.

IMPORTED PERFUMES

ICE CREAM AND SODAS

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LU-BETH
CAFETERIA

is becoming more and more popular every day. People value its time and saving plan among its other attributes. But, best of all, is the delightful food always ready for instant use.

CLASSIFIED

* * *

FOR SALE—One pair of curling tongs—Victor McL.

WANTED—Someone to draw breath for W. A. Adams.

WANTED—Paper rags, by girls with bobbed hair.

FOUND—A powder puff in Bill Moye's desk. Owner can have same by paying for this ad.

WANTED—Sixteen units—Seniors.

FOR RENT—Two sticks of chewing gum, slightly chewed—Mae Holly.

FOR SALE—My ability to memorize whole passages of American History—C. S.

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GROCERIES

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L. P. McCULLER

PHONE 277

QUALITY AND SERVICE

SPEAK VOLUMES

THE POPULAR MARKET

I. D. MARTIN, Prop.

Florida and Western Meats

Staple and Fancy Groceries

Fresh Vegetables

PHONE 210

Have Your Suit Tailored to Your Own Measure; Have Your Measure Taken by An Expert. I Represent The "Royal Tailors" and The "Lauer Tailors"

5 Years in Sanford	C. A. WHIDDON 117 PARK AVENUE PHONE 465	5 Years of Satisfaction

We Can Clean, Press and Alter Garments for Ladies and Gentlemen

Mrs. Leonardi—Who fiddled while Rome burned?
Deane Turner—Rover!
Mrs. L.—No.
Deane—Gyp!
Mrs. L.—No, it was Nero.
Deane—Oh, well, I knew it was somebody with a dog's name.

* * *

WANTED—To know what pleasure Troy derives from his ever-present chewing gum.—Byron Stephens.

MAHONEY-WALKER COMPANY

SPECIALTIES

Steam and Gas Fitting, Plumbing, Irrigation Plants, Sewer Pipe Tile, Gas and Oil Engines and Pumps

SPRAYING MACHINES AND TRACTORS

Third and Oak——Phone 338——Sanford, Florida

IF YOU WOULD HELP SANFORD GROW

BUY LOTS, BUILD HOUSES AND INSURE THEM WITH

H. C. DuBOSE

WHICH IS BOTH WISE AND PATRIOTIC

Stokes' Cash Market

Groceries and Meats

AND THE BEST

FRESH VEGETABLES

That's All Right, But, Compare Prices, and You will Come to

C. W. STOKES

WGCo

Wight Grocery Co.

INCORPORATED 1912

WHOLESALE

GROCERIES
HAY AND
GRAIN

FULL LINE

Del Monte Canned Goods

All Fresh Fruits and Vegetables in Season

Good luck to High Schol Students——Have your mother call

DEANE TURNER

The Best in Groceries

SANFORD -:- -:- -:- -:- FLORIDA

THRILLERS IN HEADLINES

MR. McKAY DISAPPEARS
into his office.

TEN S. H. S. STUDENTS KILLED
a mouse on the side step.

ADDIE MULLER HUNG
her hat in the hall.

* * *

Mrs. Maxwell (Reading in shorthand)—"He took her hand—"
Class (With interest)—Oooohh—
Mrs. Maxwell—"—in friendly greeting."

IN SANFORD, FLORIDA

THERE IS A

Piggly Wiggly Store

New Meisch Building

10 Stores in Georgia——————1 Store in Florida

The Churchwell Co.

LADIES' AND CHILDRENS' READY-TO-WEAR

Shoes and Hosiery

Mens' and Boys' Clothing and Shoes

Trunks, Suit Cases and Bags

We Appreciate Your Business

We buy for eleven stores, pay cash for what we buy, get big discounts, and that is the reason

WE SELL FOR LESS

The Churchwell Co.

First Street——————Phone 127——————Welaka Block

A KIWANIS PRAYER

Teach me that sixty seconds make a minute, one hundred cents a dollar and sixteen ounces a pound.

Help me so to live that I can lie down at night to sleep, not toss, shave myself in the morning and look the man before me in the eye.

Grant that I may earn my meal ticket on the level and in earning it that I may measure my acts by the Golden Rule.

Deafen me to the jingle of the dirty dollar and to the rustle of unholy petticoats.

Blind me to the faults of the other fellows and open my eyes to my own shortcomings.

Guide my footsteps so that each evening at the dinner table when I look at my wife who has been a blessing to me, I shall have nothing to conceal.

Keep me young enough to laugh with little tots and sympathetic enough to be considerate of old age.

Then when comes the day of lowered shades, the soft footsteps and the smell of tube roses, make the ceremony short and let the fellows say, "He was a good Kiwanian."

KIWANIS CLUB

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Mrs. Maxwell—"And Caesar scaled the wall."
Bright Pupil—That sounds kind a' fishy.

* * *

Mrs. Leonardi—Who in this class shows emotion?
Byron—Troy shows emotion—a motion of the jaws.

* * *

Byron—I've just about come to the conclusion that I talk too much.
Demarius—Oh, where did you get the idea!

* * *

Mrs. Leonardi—Class, I'm tired of sitting here and casting pearls before swine.
Byron—I'm not swine.

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Miss Muriel—How would you account for Jonathan Swift's insanity?
Ed. Moye—He was crazy about some woman.

* * *

Mrs. Leonardi (Discussing chapter on Instinct)—What is the starting point of all human existence?
Byron—Adam and Eve!
Robert Hagan (After laughter had subsided)—Well, I'd like to know what's funny about THAT!

* * *

(At an orchestra practice when Robert had no music rack)
Florence—Robert, don't you use a rack?
Robert—No, I play a saxaphone.

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MATHEMATICS.

Given—A Freshman.
To Prove—He is an affliction.
Proof 1.—A Freshman is new.
Proof 2.—New is not old.
Proof 3.—Not old is not stale.
Proof 4.—Not stale is fresh.
Proof 5.—Fresh is smart.
Proof 6.—Smart is pain.
Proof 7.—Pain is an affliction.
Therefore, a Freshman is an affliction. —W. S., '25.

* * *

Mrs. L.—Josephine, were you and Byron talking?

J.—No, he was just looking at me.

Mrs. L.—Well, I can't blame him for that.

* * *

LeClaire (In Domestic Science) —Do you spell "stalk" s-t-o-r-k?

* * *

Miss Gerry—It is a custom in that country for the people to make confession EVERY TIME they die.

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Princess

Theatre

Miss Gerry—Give an example of inanimate nature.
Osteen cummuter—The men working on the Osteen bridge.

* * *

WHERE JOKES BELONG

Demarius—Goodness, I nearly fell into the Joke Box!
George Cowan—Well, what of that?
Demarius—Why, if I'd fallen in, I couldn't have gotten out.
George—Aw, we'd have known where to look for you.

* * *

UNDUE INTEREST

Junior Girl (As George Smith rushes and stutters through an English recitation)—I wonder how on earth George will ever propose!

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Mr. McKay—How would you test for starch in beans?
Scotchy—Cook 'em and test the soup.

* * *

Mrs. L.—Troy, what comes first in your scale of subjective values?
Class—Chewing gum!

* * *

Miss Gerry (as visiting boys pass through the hall)—You are all going to fail if you keep looking at such things as that.

* * *

Olive (Looking at picture of beautiful curly haired girl)—That's the way I look at night with my hair down.
Mildred—Well, Gee Whiz, I wish you looked that way in the day time.

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Miss Gerry (In Botany)—What is the Italian forget-me-not?

Leonard—Garlic.

* * *

Mrs. Leonardi—How was this newspaper "The Liberator" received in Boston?

Troy (Vaguely)—With much ceremony!

Voice from the distance—Maybe you'd call it ceremony. They mobbed the editor.

* * *

Miss Muriel—What kind of writing and speaking are we studying now? (Meaning narration).

Lewis—English.

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Cape Fear—Ages 30-40.
Cape Farewell—Ages 40-48.

* * *

Mrs. Leonardi—Douglas, is that you talking to Gladyce?
Preacher — Greatly offended) — Why, Mrs. Leonardi, I haven't even MET the girl.

* * *

Miss Muriel—What kind of poems were these?
Gale Mac A.—Vaguely)—Well, they were prose.

* * *

Mrs. L.—W. A., you're accused of spending you time in idle thinking.
W. A.—Who said I was?
Mrs. L.—Byron said it.
W. A.—May I see him outside?

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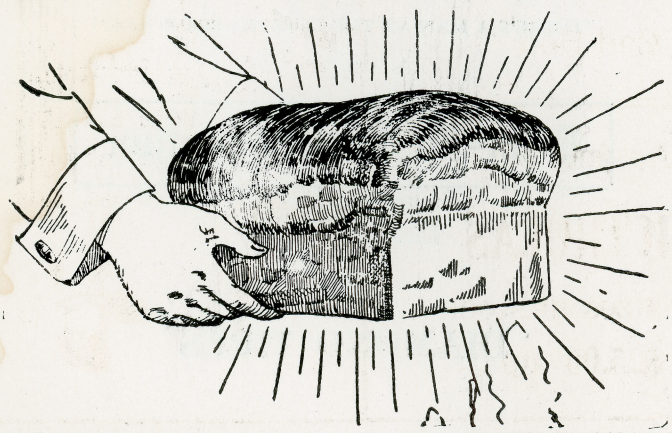

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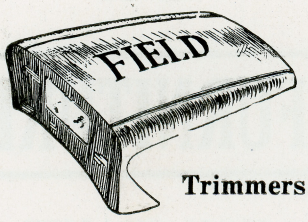

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PLACEMENT PARTS IN CENTRAL FLORIDA

Mrs. L.—Bill, I thought I heard you talking in General Science.

Bill M.—Not I, I never talk in my sleep.

* * *

Miss M.—W. A., why were you so late this morning?

W. A.—The bell rang before I got here.

* * *

Josephine—Why is the moon never rich?

Rhoda—It loses all its quarters getting full.

* * *

Mrs. McKay—What is the meaning of the word "tactful"?

Florence Flowers—Full of tacks.

* * *

HARD ON RODMAN!

Ralph W. (At class meeting)—Please pay up on your class dues—I think the treasurer would like to have some of that.

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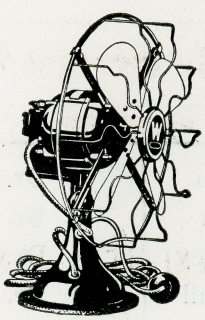

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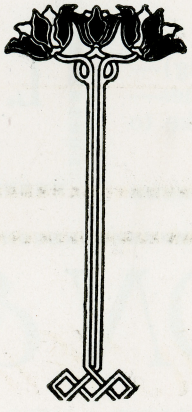

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Mrs. Leonardi—Can you do your best work when you are confident or when you are discouraged?

Byron (Just waking up)—When you are comfortable.

* * *

Robert Hagan—How many of you have had your pictures taken? (Two hands go up).

George Cowan—Two more cameras gone wrong.

* * *

We eat well and we sleep's well but we just ain't got no desire fo' work—Seniors.

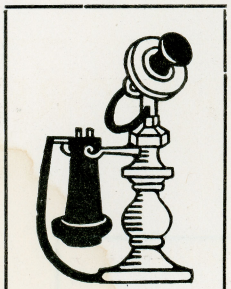
* * *

Mrs. Maxwell (Looking at Byron's one-inch pencil)—Is that the best pencil you can find?

Clarence Fields—Aw, that's a SHORThand pencil.

* * *

Lorrain (Studying Geometry)—I declare, sometimes I think it must be nice to be grown folks and not have to study.



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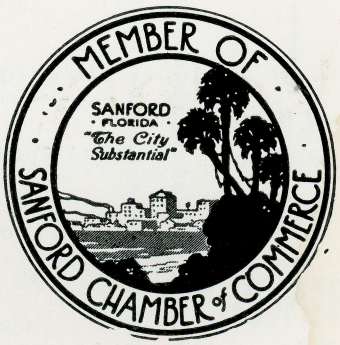

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(b) The ideal of SERVICE as the basis of all worthy enterprise.

(c) The active interest of every Rotarian in the civic, commercial, social and moral welfare of his community.

(d) The development of a broad acquaintanceship as an opportunity for service as well as an aid to success.

(e) The interchange of ideas and of business methods as a means of increasing the efficiency and usefulness of Rotarians.

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THE SPEED COP

Gladyce (When Meade handed her the last two song books)—Ah, he gave me his all!

* * *

Mrs. Leonardi—Who was the first president of the United States?

Troy—I don't know—er—unless it was George Washington.

* * *

Mrs. Leonardi—Troy has a very peaceful disposition.

Troy—Why, how can you tell?

Byron—Oh, by the way you chew your gum.

* * *

Mrs. Leonardi—Class, what kind of a disposition do you thing Robert Hagan has?

Clarence—Comical.

* * *

Mrs. Leonardi—Clarence, I think military school has changed your disposition.

Clarence—Yes, ma'am. It'll do most anything to you.

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SENIOR'S IDEA OF A HISTORY TEST.

1. Who was president during Lincoln's administration?
2. Name the two countries engaged in the Spanish-American war?
3. When was the war of 1812?
4. Who invented the Whittier cotton gin?
5. Who was responsible for Bacon's Rebellion?
6. To what tribe did the Iroquois Indians belong?

* * *

Lecturer to his Class—Now after you get this one thing into you head, you'll have it in a nut shell.—Ex.

* * *

WANTED—Someone to chauffeur my car on Friday nights as I will be otherwise engaged on the back seat.—Clarence Fields.

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SOPHOMORE REASONING

Olive Newman—Why is it that a lie never passed George Washington's lips?

Mary Elizabeth—'Cause he talked through his nose.

* * *

Miss Gray—These problems should be worked in your head.
Clarence—Yes, if your head is big enough.

* * *

Mrs. Leonardi—Josephine, are you talking?
Josephine Knight—Yessum.
Mrs. Leonardi—Anybody else talking?
Josephine—No'm, I'm talking to myself.

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* * *

Dot Cameron—I went to ride last night and got my face chapped.
Country (Absent mindedly)—I got my lips chapped.
Dot—Oh, where did YOU go?

* * *

Miss Muriel—Douglas, what poem did you learn for today?
Douglas—I tried to learn the one about Milton.
Miss M.—Let's have it.
Douglas—I don't know whether you can have it or not.

M. NARVIS

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Dorothy Cameron.....a Peck
Bernice Austin.....Fields
Helen Vernay.....Ham
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* * *

LOST—Two pounds. Finder is welcome to them.—Spink Dutton.

* * *

The other day when we were strolling down town, we saw Victor McLaughlin and what do you think he was doing?

He was arguing with a Chero-Cola sign that "there was some as good as it."

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(After explanation of a long problem in Algebra)
Miss Gray—Do you see that?
Georgia—But, Miss Gray, how can you tell when you've finished?

* * *

Alice Gooding—Open a window, I want some air.
Clarence—Go down town and get some Free Air.

* * *

Miss Muriel—Open your text books to page 223. I want you to notice the hymn there.
"Mutt" Moye—Miss Muriel, let's sing it!

* * *

Miss Muriel—In olden days, they said "coz" for cousin.
Lee Peck—Yes, just like we say "Abba" and "Bubba."

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Miss Muriel—We will have a holiday tomorrow afternoon because it is Washington's birthday.

Alton—Gee, Miss Muriel, I guess we're getting just a half holiday because he must have been born in the afternoon.

* * *

Mae—I thought you said you weren't going to miss any more questions?

Bill—Yes, but she asked me one I didn't know.

* * *

Mrs. Leonardi—Cora Harris wrote a book called "The Circuit Rider's Wife."

Emma Lee—What's the name of it?

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"Cash and Carry"

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MERCHANTS
GROCERY
...CO...
Sanford -:- -:- Florida

A SENIOR TRAGEDY

Vol. 1

A sunny bower,
A passing hour,
Some fun.
A picture show,
A one or so,
A-bun.

Vol. 2

He spends a dime,
He wastes his time,
Too often.
And loaf, he must,
His brain does rust,
And soften.

* * *

Dot Cameron—I have a new Ratine dress.
Helen—Is it the kind with holes in it?
Lee—No, Country, it's NEW.

Vol. 3

A short exam—
Sit up and cram—
Still punk.
He does his best—
You know the rest.
A flunk.

Frank Lossing
Contractor and
Builder
Phone 595-R
SANFORD ——— FLORIDA

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Cracked Water Jackets
Repaired

Automotive Repairs
Wrist Pins and Rings
Steel Starter Gear Bands
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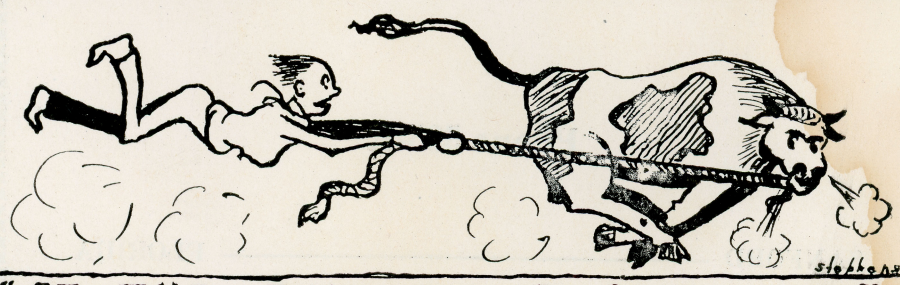

"AT THE END OF A GOOD LINE"

Autographs

Autographs